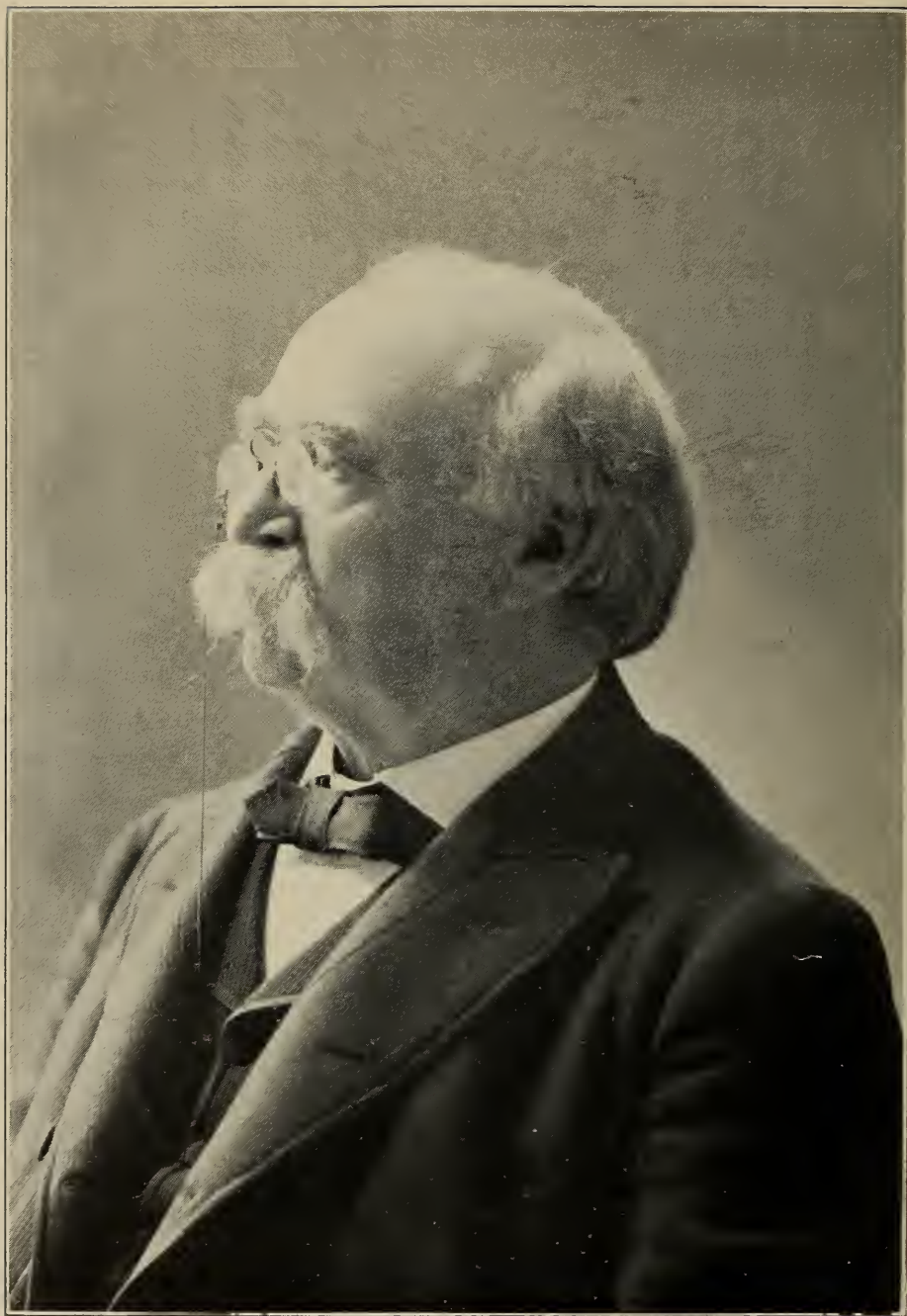




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THE LIFE STORY OF
MARK SHELDON



MARK SHELDON

November 21, 1829

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MARK SHELDON

An Autobiographical Sketch

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MARK SHELDON'S LIFE STORY.



I HAVE been frequently asked by my children and others who have heard detached parts of the story of my life to write it out. It might be of interest to some in the future — unimportant as it may appear now. I am fully conscious that the works and deeds of all men, excepting a very few, are soon lost in oblivion after they themselves have passed away.

My great-grandfather and great-grandmother on my father's side were Roger Sheldon and Libbie Sweet. They lived and died in East Greenwich, Rhode Island. My brother Joseph visited the spot in 1856. Our grandfather and grandmother Sheldon came from Connecticut. Her maiden name was Ruth Bishop. Married in New London, they moved to Lisbon in that State, where my father was born on the nineteenth day of April, 1783, thence to Killingly, in Windham County, thence to Brooklyn in the same State. Our father there made the acquaintance of Septimus G. Adams, and in 1801 they started on foot for the then new West, New York State.

After an uneventful trip, they came to the site of the present town of Litchfield, ~~Quebec~~

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County, near the city of Utica. There our father met for the first time our mother, the daughter of Capt. Tilly Richardson, who had served in the War of the Revolution. He was born in ~~Leicester~~ *Lancaster* (2) *Mass.*, March 22, 1759, and was captain in the Second Worcester Regiment. He was in the Rhode Island campaign in August, 1778, and in the Burlington alarms in 1777. He married Mary, sometimes called Polly, Thurston, May 19, 1782, and died January 14, 1852.

Jaffrey Our mother was born in ~~Jeffries~~ *Jeffrey*, New Hampshire, September 14, 1789. Our great-grandfather Richardson (Tilly senior), married Elizabeth Sawyer, July 10, 1751. Father remained one year in ~~Oncida~~ *Oncida* County, and in the next year, 1802, started with Adams, a Mr. ~~Gundy~~ *Gundy* and a Mr. Wm. Smith for Jefferson County, where Mr. ~~Gundy~~ *Gundy* had bought a large tract of land in the town of Harrison, now called Rodman. Our father and Adams stayed there a year, but not finding the land to suit them, in 1803 moved north to Watertown. Mr. Smith, who was of the party, declined to stay any time in Rodman, having found some spruce trees there. He, having been born in Nova Scotia, told our father that they indicated cold and poor soil. The three (our father, Adams and Smith) met the next year, 1803, in Watertown, where they all settled and died. All passed threescore years and ten.

Herkimer
Greenbush
Greenbush

Elizabeth
Herkimer
Father bought in 1803, on the southern border of Watertown, a farm of three hundred acres, on which he died in 1857. In 1809 he married ~~Elizabeth~~, the daughter of Tilly Richardson, Junior, who had come on to Jefferson from ~~Oneida~~ County, where they had first met. After clearing the land my father started the manufacturing of potash from the ashes of the timber taken from the land. The first crop grown was corn. This was often burned for fuel; the price of it was very low. Then he erected a stone distillery for the manufacture of whisky from the corn. That he could sell in Kingston and Montreal to the English soldiery for gold. He continued that industry until advancing public sentiment made it no longer profitable. Then he devoted the land to dairying purposes; built a cheese factory, bought the milk of his neighbors and manufactured an article that contributed much more to the making of good citizens. He also erected a flouring mill in the village of Watertown, on Black River. This change of business relieved our mother much, for she had always strongly protested against the manufacturing of whisky.

Upon this farm on the 21st of November, in the year 1829, I was born, being the youngest in a family of eight children. My father took much

interest in public schools, and furnished the material to build a substantial stone schoolhouse upon his own land, where all the children in that neighborhood received their first start in life. When, in after years, passing that temple of science, I lifted my hat. It was and is one of those "American milestones," so-called by Kosuth when visiting this country. After leaving this school I was a year at Black River Institute in the now city of Watertown; then taught school winters and worked on the farm summers; then clerked one year at a general country store in the town of Rodman conducted by Hunt & West. In the year 1851, up to the 1st of July, I was in the employment of the *Watertown Times and Reformer*.

On the 4th of July of that year an event occurred that transplanted me to this fair land on the shores of the Pacific Ocean. A neighbor, Mr. R. C. Adams, had gone to California the year before, and on that day a brother of his had received a letter in which was a draft on New York for \$1,000. He offered to loan me \$200 of this, if I wished to go to the Golden State. This manifestation of confidence in my ability to repay the money induced me to immediately accept the offer. I thought afterward that I could see a disposition on his part to recede from the original proposition; but found my apprehension was

at fault. He, however, did require my father's guarantee. As soon as the note was marked with my father's indorsement, the money was paid. I immediately stepped into a clothing establishment and ordered an outfit for the then far-off El Dorado; left Watertown on the 7th of July, 1851, taking the Rome & Watertown Railroad at Adams, fourteen miles from Watertown. The railroad was only finished to that point then. Arrived the next day in Albany; stayed at the Delevan House one night, and in settling my bill received \$2.50 in gold, the first gold coin I had ever seen. This illustrates how thoroughly the business of the country was done in paper money.

The next day I arrived in New York City, and its activity and bustle of business very greatly amazed me. I stayed there one night, and after securing my ticket on the steamer Empire City to sail on the 12th of July for Aspinwall, I went to New Haven, where I remained for two days with my brother Joseph, who was then a student in Yale College. These two days were thoroughly enjoyed by us both. Returning to New York City, I embarked on the steamer that was to take me a portion of the way to San Francisco. It was the first time I had ever seen salt water and knew nothing of its restless and swinging habit. Had I but known what a disturb-

ance it was to produce in my stomach I would have preferred to make the trip by land. However, it was no doubt an insurance to good health for some time after. One would naturally suppose that in the forty-nine years that have since come and gone, the recollection of that suffering would have passed; but, no, that trial is as vivid to-day as it was then. I have never since been on good terms with the restless sea, and shall never regard it a desirable place for the abode of men of my make-up.

We finally reached Aspinwall after a voyage of eight miserable days. From there we were rowed up the Chagres River by the natives of the country, whose distinguishing characteristic was what might be termed a radical and pronounced opposite to "full dress." Traveling in open boats, called bangoes, which were driven against the current by long poles thrust into the bottom of the shallow river, was luxuriant indeed to one just escaped from the noisy Atlantic and the boisterous Carribean Sea. After reaching the head of navigation on the Chagres River, we were transferred to that patient and enduring animal, the mule, to continue our journey to Panama. The trails through this part of the Isthmus were often narrow and difficult for one to pass over.

A rather humorous incident occurred at this part of the trip. As one of our passengers was

brought in close contact with one going in the opposite direction, he hailed him most hilariously and boisterously: "How are you, Otto Cushing?" The man turned to his saluter and said, "You have the advantage of me, my dear sir; I don't know you." Our comrade said, "Having the advantage of a returning Californian, who shares a general reputation for great shrewdness, I am going to keep it. However, I would not have known you but for the fact that I saw your name printed so conspicuously upon your knapsack."

Next day we reached the Pacific at Panama, where we were detained a week. At that time the city was exempt from the fever that had been the terror of travelers the two years before. Here the only things that impressed me were the new language and the large number of Catholic priests going to and coming from their churches.

The steamer that we had waited for at last arrived and anchored in the bay some distance from the shore, and we were taken on board in small boats. She was named after the city we were to leave—Panama. Her commander, Hudson, was a rough-and-ready seaman and a thorough disciplinarian. No steerage passenger was permitted to pass a certain line while he was on deck.

The trip was uneventful, with but two excep-

tions: The day after leaving Acapulco, about 10 o'clock in the morning, we passed into a dense fog. So thoroughly did it shut out the sun that no object could be seen the length of the steamer ahead of us. Suddenly we struck a huge rock some twenty or thirty feet high. Fortunately for us all the ship was making slow headway. The only damage we suffered was the carrying away of the larboard boats and disabling some of the buckets, but the consternation among the passengers was great. Women fainted and some men behaved worse. However, the next day the fog lifted, and after the needed repairs were made we journeyed on. I still continue to hold in no high regard the ocean as a permanent home of man.

A few days after passing by this rock a mild form of Asiatic cholera appeared on our ship, and I was one of its victims. The day I left the old homestead, my father advised me, while in New York City, to get an oiled silk belt to go about my person, to serve as a "safe" for the protection of whatever money I might hide, en route. The duty I imposed upon myself of daily balancing my cash account had so worn upon the combination of this improvised "safe" that, upon one occasion, while I was responding to the pressing exactions of the Asiatic malady, this safe proved no greater protection to my cash than

was Selby's, and all the bullion I had passed into the Pacific Ocean—not by the hand of the burglar, but by the unerring law of gravitation, and there it is to-day a “memorial of the past and a monitor to the present and succeeding generations” of Sheldons. When I became fully conscious of what had happened you could have bought Sheldons for a dollar a dozen, for it had left me sick among strangers and without a cent. My room-mate kindly bought of me the “Reveries of a Bachelor” for one dollar, with which I arrived in this harbor on the 19th of August, 1851.

I am sure a happier body of men and women never entered the Golden Gate. We anchored down at Clark's Point, and when the plank was thrown out to the land all were clamorous to be first to bid farewell to the steamship Panama. The dollar I received for the book sold, constituted my entire moneyed possession, and my note was out for \$200. After coming on shore I looked up my neighbor who came here the year before; found him playing a trombone in a band at a public house on Commercial Street between Battery and Front; stayed one night with him, but found after being in bed a short time that I had a myriad of uninvited visitors, the most voracious I had ever known. For the truth of this statement I could refer to any newcomer

to this country in those early days. All had to do battle with the irrepressible flea. I was fairly vanquished, and at 2 in the morning I surrendered and passed the remaining part of the night in patrolling the streets of the city—to me, then, weird and wonderful in the extreme.

The next day I started for Sacramento on the steamer "Senator"; reached there the following day; went out to the Sixteen Mile House on the road to Mokelumne Hill, where my brother, Bishop, owned a hotel that he had leased. He was himself about to start for the north fork of the Yuba River at Oregon Bar, where he had already established himself in furnishing supplies to the miners. Returning to Sacramento the next day, he loaded a four-horse wagon with goods; we started via Marysville for our destination, myself as his only passenger, and arrived there after two days of torrid traveling. Reaching the summit above the bar, the descent was so steep that the horses were not able to hold back the loaded wagon, so he detached them, and, fastening a rope to the hind axle, with the other end of the rope passed around a large tree, he proceeded to let the wagon down by gravity, controlled by permitting the rope to slide about the tree as the wagon descended the steep mountain. In a short time the goods were safely delivered in front of

his store upon the bar, where hundreds of miners were at work with their "long toms," washing the gold from the gravel. The very next day after my arrival I commenced work for the "Cole Company," which had a claim that was paying them \$16 per day for each miner employed. I remained in their employment about a month, receiving \$8 per day, but finding an opportunity to buy a claim near this company, with Ed Adams, bought it; found that by hard work we could only make \$6 per day, and then sold it for just what we gave for it. The purchaser, after a few days' work upon it, found a rich streak of pay dirt and made \$16 per day for some weeks.

I then went to the next bar up the river, called Pittsburgh, and bought a claim that paid me \$16 per day until the rains came on Christmas Day. Then I sold it to James Connelly for \$500. The rains had made it impossible to work it until the following year. Then, in company with William Sheridan of Texas, went to Wyandotte, away from any river (a series of ravines breaking up the otherwise level plain), where gold was found in moderate quantities. These were called "dry" or "winter diggings." Here we remained until spring, making some \$6 per day as long as the water lasted. Then we were at sea as to what we would do. This was only a few miles from Marysville, to which place we went and

remained a week or so at the Fremont House, kept by DeWitt Haskell, who was the builder of the railroad from Marysville to Benicia, and afterward was a contractor on a tunnel to connect Jersey City with New York City under the Hudson, which enterprise never came to completion.

At this hotel in Marysville I met Mr. George W. Shultz, a mining engineer who had been engaged by some San Francisco capitalists to erect a quartz mill upon a ledge they had acquired on Jameson Creek in Plumas County, some hundred odd miles north of Marysville. He urged me to join him as secretary of his company and paymaster at the mine. This I accepted. The company proceeded to build a mill, as many had done before, without having their mine properly developed. When the mill was built we found we had no rock. Fortunately for me, emigrants were beginning to come in via the Beckwith route at this point in July and August. I had sent to Marysville for provisions and miners' supplies, and I converted our company's office into a mining store, and soon found myself doing a very profitable and satisfactory business. Good surface mining had been found just below our mill on the creek.

In December a storm set in that continued for some time, threatening to shut us off from all

communication with the outside world. I concluded to "close out" my stock of goods and started for Marysville in as severe a snow storm as had ever been seen in the mountains. With great danger and difficulty, after three days' travel, I reached Marysville; sold my horse that I had ridden there; remained a few days, when a warm rain "set in" and continued for a week, which caused one of the greatest floods this country had ever seen, now called in history "The flood of '52 and '53." Coming down to Sacramento I found the people moving about the streets in boats. Goods were raised up to the second story of the buildings. Went across the river to Washington, where I remained one night, taking the steamer the next day for San Francisco. This was early in January, 1853. Took up my residence at the Niantic Hotel, northwest corner of Sansome and Clay streets; where I remained for several months. The floods and storms in the country had brought a large number of people to this city, all seeking something to do.

During the early part of that year the affairs of this city were "blue and hard," communication with the country having been shut off by the storms. I cast about for a job, with no success. Drifting down to the waterfront one day, I found that a schooner had just arrived from Bodega,

loaded with potatoes. I secured an option for the day, on this cargo of potatoes, at seven cents per pound, and before the day was over had sold them all around the town and had netted for my day's work some \$40. This transaction brought me into the markets of the city, where I found people doing well with a small capital. Just then a new market was being constructed on Washington Street, running through to Merchant. It was to be opened in March, to be called the Washington Market, what is now known as the "United States Market." The high price then prevailing for eggs attracted my attention. Fresh ranch eggs sold for \$2 a dozen, imported Boston eggs for \$1 per dozen. I gave an order to my father's agent in Boston to purchase "Boston eggs," and send them on as soon as convenient. They were promptly forwarded and reached here via Cape Horn. They came in a trifle over three months. The character of the ships engaged in this trade at that time surpassed anything that had been known—both for speed and safety. While these goods were on the way I engaged space in this new market mentioned above. It was opened on the 12th of March, 1853, with a band of music, and it was the event of the town. The decorations were fine; hilarity generally prevailed; business was good, and it was voted a grand success by all.

A few weeks after this the ship having my eggs on board arrived, and when they were delivered were in brisk demand at \$1 per dozen. They had cost me 12½ cents. As this venture had proved so great a success, I continued for some years, up to 1859, importing and jobbing provisions. But I never "hit upon" a market in all the after years that paid so large a percentage of profit as the first. Next to this was a successful venture in marketing provisions at the time of the discovery of gold in Fraser River, British Columbia.

Early in 1859, in the month of May, I left for New York via the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, going to New Orleans, thence up the Mississippi River on the steamer "Capitol" in company with Benjamin Smith, a banker. I visited the "Hermitage," the home of General Andrew Jackson, in Memphis; also the home of James K. Polk, ex-President, and the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. We passed through its entire length, some seven miles. Then we passed on to Louisville, Kentucky, thence to Cincinnati, where we remained two days. Here we were detained by our inability to find any one to identify us at any bank. Traveling with a San Francisco banker, I was not a little surprised at this. I had a New York draft for \$2,000, drawn by Sather & Church of San Francisco on the American Ex-

change Bank of New York. However, I suggested to my traveling partner that I deposit the draft with the American Express Company for collection, and when paid they should telegraph their branch office in Cincinnati to pay us \$200 of the \$2,000. This was done, much to our financial relief. The railroads did not make the speed then that they do now, nor was money transferred by telegraph as now. Upon the receipt of the money we started for New York via the Great Western and Erie railroads.

Reaching that city we registered at the Metropolitan Hotel, a house then largely patronized by returning Californians. The matter that first attracted my attention was the growth that had come to the city since I was there in 1851. The opera "Martha" was being played at Niblo's Garden in the rear of the hotel, and it "came in" for our patronage the first night. After a day or two spent in New York we separated, my friend going to Boston and I to Watertown, New York. During my stay in New York, I found that the commercial purpose of my visit had been thwarted a week before my arrival. I had bought in San Francisco the year before from the agent of Sewell & Harrison the pack of Billing's hams, a brand popular in California. I wished to buy them direct from the packers.

Calling upon them I found they had contracted to sell them to another only a day or so before.

Commercially disappointed, I then visited the scenes of my boyhood days, which was my greatest wish. My father had died in November, 1857, and upon arriving at the old homestead and not finding him, the full force of the sad news of his death came upon me. I then felt again, a renewal of the great sense of bereavement that fell upon me when getting the letter announcing his death in 1857. There is no tie on earth like that of a child and parent. When the father or mother passes away, then the past is largely cut off from the present and the future seems barren. To me it then seemed sad indeed. The next day I spent in Brookside Cemetery and contracted for a monument to be erected to my father's memory, and there it now stands to mark the spot where lay the remains of the best man I ever knew. He was only 74 years old, and should not have died then, and would not, had the physicians known then as much as they know now as to treating diseases in general and especially pneumonia. I was then but 30 years old, and I know "youth excels in keenness and zest," but it has at the best a tinge of anxiety and unrest; so it was then with me. How different is age; I am now within three years of my father's age—"old age has a rich store of memo-

ries." Life is full of "joys too exquisite to last, and yet more exquisite when past."

The first days of July I took my mother and a daughter of my sister Mary to Macena Springs in the county of St. Lawrence, where we remained some time, returning to the old homestead to spend the autumn and early part of the winter. I went to New York City in December. The day I reached there the papers were given up largely to obituaries of three distinguished men, representing England, Germany and the United States—Macaulay, the historian of England; von Humboldt of Germany, the great traveler and scholar; and Washington Irving of this country, diplomat and essayist.

In a day or so I went to Washington. Congress had convened and its discussions were marked by great bitterness. I went to the Senate daily and listened to the debates with great interest. The Helper book, which in bitter terms denounced the institution of slavery, had just been issued and circulated in some of the Southern States. While I was there, John Brown made his raid upon Harper's Ferry in the State of Virginia with the chimerical purpose of emancipating the slaves. All this fired the Southern heart, and the weeks I spent in Washington were full of exciting interest. The discussion on the part of the Southern mem-

bers was marked by threats and bravado, but the members from the North were cool, dignified and firm. Mason and Hunter represented the South most conspicuously, and Sumner and Seward the North. I was interested and remember very well a speech in the House by Tom Corwin of Ohio, who was a speaker full of wit and sarcasm and represented ably the opposition to the further extension of slavery in the new territories. I prize highly the memory of those days in Washington. The air was full of direful disaster that afterwards came. J. J. Crittenden offered compromise measures, hoping thereby to avert the storm that was to come, but the contending parties were too far apart to hope for a permanent peace upon any basis that was acceptable to both. An offer from the Government to pay the owners for their slaves was not well received, and the South made the declaration that they must separate from the North. Then they would establish a Government, the cornerstone of which was to be human slavery. This was one of the most exciting and interesting sessions that Congress ever held. I remember hearing Senator Seward predict that should the contention result in a war it would not last sixty days. He was too much of an optimist to judge correctly of the result of the bitter feuds

that had been growing in intensity for so many years.

After the close of that session I went again to the old homestead, where my mother was still living, and found her very well for one of her years, but my sister Susan (Mrs. J. P. Thomson) was much advanced in consumption. She had received a circular and a magazine published by the "Dansville Water Cure" under the efficient management of Dr. J. C. Jackson. The periodical made great promises to invalids, and it had so worked a hold upon the mind of my sister that she really thought if she could only go there for a few weeks she would be fully restored to health. I doubted that any treatment could be of permanent good to her, but I did believe that a change from her surroundings would be of some benefit and might perhaps delay for a season her ultimate doom. The next day after reaching her home I said to her (a blessed woman), "Pack up your trunk, and get sister Mary (Mrs. Willard L. Eddy) to go along to care for you"; as I knew she could at any time and any place add her full share to the hilarity of the occasion wherever and whatever it was.

In a few days we started for this now well-known sanitarium. I remained there myself four months. They continued six months as my guests but with no perceptible change in my sister's

malady. In the following ~~November~~ *December* she died. The stay at this cure did all that could have been done for her, and no doubt did extend somewhat the period of her life; and now, at this time, I look back to this effort in her behalf with great satisfaction. We arrived there in a raging snow storm in February and were located in three rooms contiguous to each other and had our meals served in a private room. At the first consultation with the distinguished physician in chief, as the faculty delighted to call Dr. J. C. Jackson, he made a very favorable impression upon our sister. He had written a book on "How to Cure Disease Without Medicine"; he was a thorough believer in "water cure" and massage and a strict disciplinarian in diet. He was a follower of the celebrated Dr. Graham, the author of a book, the great contention in which was to show that man was a frugivorous animal. The bread made from unbolted flour was named Graham bread, he being its original advocate. Jackson repudiated the use of tea, coffee, wine and tobacco. He would permit the use of tea by persons past middle life, but for others it had no place upon his "bill of fare." Dr. Jackson had the happy faculty of convincing invalids that his way of living was correct. He himself had been a great sufferer in his youth from dyspepsia and had so recovered that he lived to the advanced

age of 82. He was a living proof of the virtue of his mode of living.

My stay here had a great influence upon my subsequent life, for it was in this town of Dansville, New York, that I met for the first time her to whom I later plighted my faith as husband. It was not until some time after I left, that the thought of marrying came to me. I went to New York City with a desire to make the tour of Europe.

Upon reaching the Metropolitan Hotel I breakfasted with Hon. John H. McKinstry, judge of a District Court in California, who told me he was going to Europe the coming Saturday. I had just time to write to Washington for my passport and make myself ready to join him on the American steamer "Adriatic," then a fine new ship. A large number of passengers were booked to go by her, and a most enjoyable trip it was. It was the month of June, the pleasantest in the year to cross the Atlantic. The company was good, the ship in fine condition, and we made the trip in about the best time on record. The most voluble passenger on board and one that caused the most discussion was the editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*. He had been appointed a member of a Commercial Congress to be held at Brussels that year. He took it upon himself to convince all the passengers on board

the vessel of the glory that would come to this country by establishing perpetually the institution of slavery in this country.

We touched at Southampton and at Havre, where we left the steamer for Paris. Reaching there, we domiciled at the Hotel de Louvre on the Rue Rivoli, opposite the Palace of the Louvre. There we met Edgar Mills, Romualdo Pacheco and Edwin Carpentier. We formed ourselves into a party of inspection of the historic and artistic wonders of that justly celebrated city. A few days after our arrival, the Third Napoleon returned from his Italian wars with some 40,000 soldiers, flushed with victory and covered with renown.

After a few weeks' sojourn in Paris, then conceded the most attractive city on the globe, disintegration began its work among the five that had been "doing" the city substantially together. Mills, who had come to Paris via Japan and India from California, must move on homeward by going west; McKinstry, the Judge, must join his brother, a United States Army officer in Switzerland; Carpentier, who had just returned to the capital of France from a visit to Egypt, declared that a continuous stay in Paris met the climax of his ambition. That left remaining Pacheco and myself, who were the youngest and

least traveled of the party, unsettled in our immediate destination. After a few days' consultation and reflection we resolved to visit the Russian Bear.

Leaving attractive Paris the latter part of July, 1860, we passed the Rhine at Strassburg, where we remained one day to visit the historic cathedral of that city, whose ingeniously constructed clock was and is among the great wonders of mechanical construction. Thence we passed to Baden-Baden, then a city where public gambling was conducted by authority of the Government and commended by public sentiment. My traveling comrade, less schooled than myself in the wrongs and dangers in this amusement, must try his hand at the game. While I, after making a satisfactory venture of twenty francs, retired from the contest, he continued until, to my great amazement, he came away with some \$300 of the Government money in his pocket. I have always thought that it was my persisting that we "move on" to another town on our way to Russia, that saved him from a future regret at having called at this most fascinating city. Here the rich and the relatives of royalty roamed about with seemingly no purpose but to experience the damning effects of winning or losing—all of which had no charms for me. I well remember the last day of our stay there. It was a sultry one, and I was

spending it at our hotel reading a book, and late in the day in came my traveling partner with a loose alpaca coat on, in which were side pockets, and they were full of French Napoleons (twenty franc pieces) in amount mentioned above. Anticipating his wish to remain another day, I had already paid our bill, had the trunks packed and tickets bought for Frankfort-on-the-Main, the home of the founder of the great banking house of the Rothschilds.

We went to Dresden, romantically situated upon the banks of the Elbe, in whose galleries of paintings are preserved the works of the most eminent artists, among which is Raphael's "Madonna." Next we visited Leipsic, a city celebrated for cheap publications of eminent authors in many languages. Here I bought the Teuchnitz edition (handy for the pocket) of Macaulay's Essays, which were intellectual food for me and a diversion from the irksomeness that naturally comes to one traveling through countries where the people speak languages which one cannot understand.

Our next stop after leaving Leipsic was the capital of the German Empire, Berlin. Upon entering the hotel at which we were to make our home while there, the first object that attracted my attention was a magnificent picture of the first Napoleon. The

proprietor had evidently forgotten the severe castigations his fathers had suffered at the hands of the man whom he had honored with so conspicuous a place in the Hotel Russe. While here we paid a visit to Potsdam, the home of Alexander von Humboldt, and bought a picture of his library and an autograph letter of this great man, both of which I now have and prize highly. He had died the year before, full of honors and of years. What impressed me most in traveling through Germany at that time was the primitive methods of agriculture. The old wooden plow, drawn by cows, and the large number of women engaged at work in the fields.

From Berlin, a fine city, we passed on to Stettin, a seaport on the Baltic Sea. Here there was a steamer line to St. Petersburg, and as Russia was our destination when leaving Paris, there was no other way. There were no railroads in Russia then excepting the one from St. Petersburg to Moscow. A two days' sail brought us to St. Petersburg, the present capital, and the largest city in Russia. There we were domiciled in a private boarding house, presided over by a pair of English sisters, where our language was spoken, generally mingled somewhat with the French. This city is situated upon both banks of the river Neva, and the feature that impressed

me was the substantial architecture and the number of Greek churches. The Emperor is not only head of the Government, but of the church as well. In passing across the bridges that span the Neva, you will see that there is erected at the entrance of each, a cross and a picture of our Saviour. The driver of any vehicle, before crossing the bridge, would express his reverence by making a sign of the cross upon his forehead with his fingers. The same would be done upon entering the churches. The latter were very costly and impressive. Many were embellished in the interior with that very expensive and beautiful marble, lapis-lazuli and malachite, found, I think, only in Siberia.

One day we saw the Emperor review his army, a class of men differing much from the French soldiers, larger and probably of greater endurance. That which I think impresses us Americans the most when visiting Europe is the inevitable contrast between the simplicity of our free institutions with the economical administration of government, and the pomp and circumstance of Europe, where vast fortunes are spent in palaces and churches. One of the great purposes of this, it occurred to me, was to impress the common people that royalty could not only do no wrong, but was more nearly than all

others allied to "Him who holds the destiny of mankind in the hollow of His hand," and Russia was no exception to this condition.

The winter palace is of immense proportions and great architectural beauty.

After a few days' sojourn in the capital, we left for Moscow, the ancient capital of the Empire, and arrived there on what was then known in Europe as Napoleon's Day, the 15th of August, the day of his birth, which was then celebrated with more or less *eclat* in all large cities of continental Europe. This city has been fittingly described as at once "beautiful and rich, grotesque and absurd, magnificent and mean." It certainly is picturesque in the extreme, its thousands of spires and domes, diverse in form and color. The Kremlin, the ancient citadel where the populace in former years resorted for safety from the attack of foreign hordes, is surrounded by walls varying in height from twenty-five to fifty feet, triangular in shape. At each angle, is erected a massive tower from which the approach of the enemy may be seen. It is entered by five gates, to each of which is attached some religious or historic importance. The largest one, called the Sacred, no one—not even the Emperor—is allowed to enter without uncovering his head, in such veneration is it held. It was from the elevation of Sparrow Hill

that Napoleon saw that the Russians had set fire to the city and were preparing a retreat. Napoleon took up his residence in the Kremlin. Parts of it had been fired by the Russians before they left. After a stay here of about thirty days Napoleon retreated, after having destroyed it as thoroughly as he could with 1,500 kegs of powder. It was rebuilt in after years, and when we were there many of the old and ancient implements of warfare were restored to it. One, I particularly remember, was an enormous war chariot, requiring, I should judge, a dozen horses to draw. To the axles of the wheels were attached long scythes, with which I presume the enemy was mowed down literally, or at least an attempt was made to do so. We made a visit to Sparrow Hill, from which a fine view could be had of the city, then having a population of a million and a half. Napoleon's retreat from here during the winter was not the "feather" that broke the back of his army, but it was the avalanche. The army that had been the terror of all Europe was never the same again.

Our departure from Moscow was attended by a perplexing episode, liable to any one not knowing all he should of the requirement of travelers. At that time it was necessary for any one leaving the borders of Russia to make it known through the press some days before. We

were in ignorance of this requirement, and when the Government diligence drew up in front of our hotel, and as we were about to climb up to the second story of this immense traveling house on wheels, we were summoned by the officer of law for a copy of the notification of departure. Having none, we were politely notified that we could not go. Then, by the intercession of our Consul, we were permitted to "go on," but advised not to do so again. This, you will remember, was only four years after the Crimean war, when all English-speaking people were more or less under suspicion of being subjects of Great Britain. Just then a strong feeling of hostility existed between Russia and England. However, when our Consul appeared upon the scene all was well. Then "Old Glory" did us great service, for which we were profoundly grateful.

When we were comfortably seated in this moving caravansary, destined for Nizhni Novgorod, where an Oriental fair was annually held at this season of the year, all was well. The road was cared for by the Government, and it could not have been better—level as a house floor. The greater part of the way passed through a forest, which afforded us ample shade, which was very enjoyable during the torrid days of August. At horse-changing stations ample time was given to

refresh ourselves with that stimulating, but not intoxicating, national beverage, tea. The urn, or samovar, was always kept warm and just in proper temperature to yield the most agreeable aroma from that much-loved plant. It is said that tea loses much of its flavor by transportation at sea. The plant mostly used here came overland and hence retained all its original virtue. After an enjoyable ride of two days, we arrived at Nizhni Novgorod while the fair was at full blast. It reminded me of Sacramento in early days. Most of the people were living in tents and the grounds were full of covered vehicles similar to those used by emigrants in crossing the plains. Not only the goods, but most of the traders, came from long distances, east, west, north and south, by these wagons. Those coming from the Caspian region came by steamer up the Volga. Here, what impressed me most was the perfect babel of languages. At the hotel where we were domiciled the clerk demonstrated to us that he could fluently talk in seven languages. This was a commercial fair. All were there for business, exchanging the product of one country for that of another. Indian shawls were bartered for diamonds of Africa, and English and French fabrics for teas of China and precious stones and marble from Siberia. This I concluded was the most favorable spot I had ever seen for the

student of ethnology. There were representatives here of almost every race on earth that had attained any degree of civilization—attracted by the opportunity there given to make a dollar.

Pursuing our Russian journey we took an English steamer running down the Volga as far as the Caspian Sea, expecting to take a steamer on the river Don to its juncture with the Volga, but we learned when we arrived at Debofski that the water was then so low in the Don that no steamers were running; so the captain of our steamer advised us to leave at that point and make the trip overland to Rostof on the Azof Sea, our destination, this point being nearer than any other we would touch on the trip. Here was a new and unexpected adventure for us. Our party and a Russian commercial traveler were the only ones disembarking here and destined for the southern seaport of Russia. After some time spent in negotiations we at last found a person who would undertake to transport us this distance—some 200 miles. The Russian, who was to go with us, we found useful in getting our outfit, which consisted of three horses driven abreast, drawing a drosky. After our trunks were put on board there was but little room left for us. The Russian traveler rode with the driver, while we were seated upon straw in the bottom of the vehicle, with the trunks for our

backs to rest against. Thus accoutered we passed through the great wheat fields of Southern Russia, resembling much our San Joaquin Valley. We made the greater part of the distance in the night time. The days were too hot for comfortable traveling. The standard "bill of fare" during this trip was chicken and watermelon. This was before freedom was given the serfs. At a distance of about ten miles we came across these laborers in large numbers, ever ready to serve us with the best they had for a reasonable consideration. The last part of the journey was made along the banks of the river Don, which we often pressed into service for a bath. Reaching Rostof on the Azof Sea, we enjoyed the sensation that came to me in the early days upon reaching Sacramento City, tired, dusty and dry. The old overland coach, however, was a great improvement over the drosky, which had no springs to protect one from constant jolting. The result to me was the formation of a bursa in the hamstring muscles of my right hip, a most disagreeable companion in traveling. It was more than four months before I became free from its perplexities. This was brought about by a simple application of iodine, which readily absorbed the water that had gathered in a sack. No less than a dozen doctors had prescribed for it, and it remained for Dr. Partridge of London to hit upon this simple but very efficient remedy.

After a day at Rostof we took a steamer for Sebastopol, stopping at several places on the peninsula, the most important of which was Keish, where Cæsar wrote his celebrated letter to the Roman Senate, in which occurs "Veni, vidi, vici." Here we found the most delicious grapes that I ever tasted. A short time brought us to Sebastopol, where we saw the American flag for the first time since we left Havre. The thrilling emotion it created in our breasts is not easily described. Then to meet a company of some hundred or more American mechanics and workmen under the command of Col. McGowan of Philadelphia, who had entered into a contract with the Russian Government to raise the ships that had been sunk in the harbor at the time of the Crimean war—this was an added and unexpected pleasure. Our stay here of about a week was a round of festivities and pleasures that were mutually agreeable. They had not seen an American for over a year, and many of them had been attacked with that most worrying disease known as "homesickness." They took us often over the battlefields of Balaklava, Inkerman and Alamo and to the tomb of Lord Raglan. It remained for the dinner given us the night before leaving to impress us with the sincerity of our entertainers, and I venture the pre-

diction that all that are now living will remember it with great satisfaction. One lasting impression was made upon me, which was that I have never looked upon a bottle of champagne with the same high regard as formerly.

The next day we left for Odessa, the great shipping port of the Empire. Nine tenths of all the wheat grown in Russia finds a market there. Upon reaching our inn, there was being performed the rites of the Greek church over the remains of one of their most distinguished citizens. The singing particularly impressed me. Never had I before heard at funeral services voices of such range and high quality. This is purely a commercial city. Long trains of ox-teams were arriving daily from long distances, bringing wheat.

What an opportunity we missed through not getting a concession from the Government to build a railroad from Moscow to Odessa! Up to that time, 1860, railroading was not generally a success, even in our own country. The only practical knowledge I had then of that enterprise, which has since developed into such vast proportions, was the disaster that came financially, to the great banking house of Page, Bacon & Co.; the parent house belonged in St. Louis, with a branch in San Francisco, where I kept my account at the time of their failure. They

had advanced large sums of money to the promoters and builders of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad. I keenly remembered that and would very naturally not turn a willing ear to any enterprise that had brought my bankers into the bankrupt courts. In the next few years the road was built, and like our own Central Pacific, has proven a great financial success; but at that time not one of the moneyed men of San Francisco would consent to aid in the construction of railroads in this State. No doubt the failure of the Ohio Trust Company in 1857, and of Page, Bacon & Company about the same time, brought about by liberally aiding promotions of new railroads, did have its effect in discouraging the people of this State in railroad building at that time. However, I have often thought of the great opportunity we passed by in Southern Russia at that time.

From Russia we sailed to Constantinople, that historic city by the Bosphorus, the capital of Turkey, the home of Mohammed and his successors. This city was unlike any we had seen; narrow and dirty streets, infected with dogs and fleas—truly Oriental. There you could readily see the difference between Christian and anti-Christian civilizations. Here the first detention came to us through sickness. My traveling com-

rade, since the Governor of this State, Romualdo Pacheco, took a bad cold in the sail from Odessa and it developed into the black measles. His face was as dark as an African's. It greatly alarmed me. We secured the services of a resident English physician, who was recommended to us by the Master of a Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons. We were both members of the order, and one evening, after visiting the lodge, the Master came to the hotel with me and brought the doctor. After the patient had passed the critical period of his disease, I spent some time in viewing the natural and artificial peculiarities of this city. It certainly occupies great natural advantage of location, and in the possession of a strong power it assuredly would be the key to the political supremacy in Europe and Asia. Russia has long looked with an envious eye upon its possession, while England and France have constantly been on the watch lest she should acquire its control. This was the cause of the Crimean War. The picturesque aspect of the city is celebrated; but the favorable impression made by the beautiful hilly shores, beset with villas and gardens, vanishes at the first glimpse of the interior of the city. "Distance lends enchantment to the view," but a near approach dispels the illusion. The Golden Horn divides the city. Numberless

bridges take you to the part of the city called Stamboul, where are the bazars and market-places. Here the merchandise of all races is much in evidence, and if the tourist or visitor is not deprived of much of his loose change, it is no fault of the merchants. This city presented in its people the two greatest extremes that I had ever seen of human condition—from grand magnificence to utter squalor. The Sultan's residence, or seraglio, is a small walled city of itself, nearly two miles in circumference, including mosques, dwelling-houses, baths, gardens, government offices, the mint, arsenal and treasury buildings. Pera was the principal residence of the Christian higher classes. Here was situated the hotel in which we were domiciled. Here, unrivaled in gorgeousness, is the great Church of Saint Sophia, built by Constantine in 325, transferred into a mosque by Mohammed II, in 1453; built of light brick and thoroughly lined with colored marble. It is built in the form of a cross, 350 feet long by 236 feet wide. The diameter of the dome measures 107 feet, said, at the time of our visit, to be the largest known. Across the Bosphorus, on the Asiatic side, is situated Scutari, where on Sundays large numbers of people go for pleasure and amusement, and to imbibe what they call the "sweet waters of Asia." I am told

that since we were there they have built a substantial floating iron bridge that takes the place of the old wooden ones between Stamboul and Pera. Nature has done much for Constantinople, but man little. After my traveling comrade had sufficiently recovered to justify our taking up our forward march, we took leave of this dirty, dingy and anti-Christian city with no regrets.

Our next destination was Athens, in Greece. Oh, Athens! where is the lover of learning and culture whose heart does not thrill at the mention of thy name? We reached Piræus, the seaport, early in the morning, and found ourselves four miles from the ancient and principal city of Attica, and now the capital of the kingdom of Greece. It was built around a central rocky height, called the Acropolis, where the visitor views with dismay the ruined temples, the best preserved of which is the Parthenon, which is said to have been built in the foremost period of Grecian architecture and under the inspiration of the highest genius in art. The next in preservation is the temple of Theseus. Some say this is the best-preserved monument of the splendor of ancient Athens. They both looked much the same to me. What trials and defeats Greece has passed through! And were it not for England, France and Russia she would be under the rule

of the Turk to-day. These powers in 1832 proclaimed Otho, the second son of the King of Bavaria, King at Nanplia. The modern Athens had a population when we were there of some 50,000. The buildings are not very attractive, being plain and unpretentious.

From the classic land of Greece we passed on to the Island of Malta. There Mr. Pacheco and I parted for a while, he wishing to go on to Marseilles and thence to Madrid, the capital of Spain, the home of his ancestors, one of whom had been a distinguished engineer in the Spanish army under Alva in the wars with the Netherlands. I preferred to go through Italy, so I took a steamer at Malta for Naples. I met en route an officer in the army of Garibaldi, who had been off on sick leave and had lived in the United States. From him I learned much that was then "going on" in Italy. He was much devoted to his chief—likened him to our George Washington. He told me that Garibaldi was then on the march through Italy, and would in a few days arrive at Naples, should he encounter no more formidable opposition than he had at last reports from him. Sure enough, when we reached Naples he was within a few days' march of the city with Victor Emanuel, then King of Sardinia. Garibaldi was seeking for a United Italy and to proclaim Victor Emanuel King.

Upon arrival at Naples, at the hotel Grand Britannia, I made the acquaintance of an Englishman of education who had just graduated from Oxford. Francis II of Austria, known as King Bomba, the then nominal ruler of Naples, upon hearing of the approach of Victor Emanuel and Garibaldi, fled to Gaeta and shut himself in the fortifications with his army, but after a siege of a few weeks he surrendered his forces to Garibaldi. The last days of the siege we visited the attacking army. I see the American Encyclopedia says it surrendered in September, 1860. This must be a mistake, for I was in Naples the day Abraham Lincoln was elected in November, 1860, and the surrender was only a few days before, so it must have been the latter part of October. I saw Garibaldi, from the veranda of the palace adjoining the Las Carlo Opera House, crown Victor Emanuel King of a United Italy amid the rejoicing of a vast multitude of Italians. The city was illuminated for a week. The Toledo, which is to them what our Market Street is to us, presented a spectacle never to be forgotten. Buildings as well as streets were in a blaze of glory.

After the festivities attending the crowning of Victor Emanuel King of United Italy had concluded, with my newly made English friend I made a tour of Vesuvius, Herculaneum and

Pompeii. We took mules and made some six miles over congealed lava to the base of the volcano, thence to the crater; the ascent through pulverized lava was tiresome. A look into the boiling and seething mass was calculated to give one a realizing sense of what must come to the sinful, if one believed in the teaching of the early orthodox church. The descent from the volcano was much easier than the ascent. The momentum acquired would readily throw one into the condition acquired in a Turkish bath. It was a good day's work—the going and coming. Some stay all night at the foot of the mountain. We, however, returned to our hotel. The next day we visited Herculaneum. When we were there they had been for some time excavating a theatre that had been buried since near the commencement of the Christian era. At Pompeii more work had been done. The streets were very narrow, eight to ten feet wide, in which large ruts were readily seen, made by the wheels of vehicles in the rock-paved streets. The preservation of the frescoes in the excavated buildings is the wonder of our times. It is said the material used in the arts then is lost to the world. Upon returning to the city we visited the museum, where are preserved the works of art found in these excavated cities. This is one of the great attractions to the student

of art; the finest, I think, in the world. This concluded our stay in Naples. The only disagreeable feature to our visit was the numerous beggars that beset us at every turn.

The next day I left Naples alone, but fell in with General Terry, who later became famous in our Civil War and more so in our Indian wars. He was with a party which I joined for a few days. Our next stop was in Rome, the chief city of ancient Italy, ultimately the capital of the Roman Empire, and the capital of the Kingdom of Italy to-day. The last act looking to the establishment of the kingdom as a United Italy I had just witnessed in Naples, the first and only time in my life that I ever saw a man crowned king. Then occurred to me a passage in our own Thomas Jefferson's inaugural message, where he says, "It is said that man is not capable of self-government. Have we found kings in the form of angels to govern us?"

A few days before leaving for Europe the physician-in-chief, Doctor Jackson of the Danville Sanitarium, asked me what two objects in Europe would most delight me. I replied promptly, "Westminster Abbey and St. Peter's at Rome." He replied that I had expressed his own sentiment. Upon arriving at the Eternal City and quartering myself at a comfortable hotel, the first thing that I did was to employ a

dragoman and guide, all in one person. The first spot to which he took me was the Colosseum. It was much larger than I had imagined it from representations I had seen in its ruined state. It was the most imposing of Roman antiquities; to see it once you can never forget it. Excavations carried on in its interior has brought to light many arcades, chambers and corridors, some twenty-two feet lower than the level supposed to be that of the ancient arena. The gladiators' vocation was gone, and it bore the resemblance to a Southern statesman's prediction to what would soon come to New England at the time of our Civil War, when he said that grass would grow in the streets of Boston. This is truly a city of churches, and at the time I was there they boasted of 360. To every church was attached from two to a half-dozen priests. No wonder it is called a priest-ridden city, and the devotion to the church and Catholic religion is most wonderful. It certainly wields a vast power and no doubt, among many, for good. I met a zealous Catholic coming one day from his church and got into conversation with him. Said he: "I would not exchange the comfort I get from my church for all the wealth of the world." And since happiness is our being's end and aim, why not rejoice at its presence and power?

Prominent, probably first, among the Christian temples of the world is St. Peter's, the

work of many popes and architects. You reach it by passing over the Tiber in front of the Castle of St. Angels; then bearing to the left you approach it by passing semi-circular walls on either hand, calculated, I expect, to typify the pope reaching out his arms to bring his children into the Church, as a haven of refuge from the sins and sorrows of the world without. Upon entering it the only word that expressed my impression was "immense." Gibbon truly says, "This is the most glorious structure that has ever been applied to the uses of religion." The dome and interior of it is unrivaled in magnitude, proportions and decorations. The frescoes are from the hands of Raphael and Michael Angelo. This is the only church on earth that brings pilgrims to its altar from all parts of the Christian world. It is connected with the Vatican, the home of the pope. Upon certain days of the week parties are admitted into the presence of His Holiness. I joined a party of devout Catholics one day and saw an aged and venerable man with a most pleasing expression of good nature. He had the appearance of one having a stomach "with good capon lined," whose life had not been perplexed with worldly care; no dyspepsia ever invaded his serenity, nor did a San Francisco steamer day ever disturb his rest. The halls of the Vatican are embellished with

the works of the most illustrious artists of this or any other age. A fitting description of St. Peter's and the Vatican requires an abler hand than mine.

From Rome I passed on to Florence, which is situated in the "garden spot" of Italy, surrounded by the Apennines, where the inhabitants can look upon those "everlasting hills, whence cometh our strength." The river Arno flows through it; the larger part of the city is on the north bank. The river is crossed by four stone bridges, evidently built for all time, solid and massive. Here I made my stay at the Hotel de New York. Soon after reaching my apartments an incident occurred that rather amused me.

A family from Missouri, comprising husband, wife and two stalwart daughters, were shown some rooms adjoining mine. The head of the family addressed the servant in rather vigorous English, not a word of which could he understand, "What do you ask for these rooms?" The lad had nothing to say. The guest then proceeded to harangue his family in language more forceful than elegant, saying: "This is a d—d great imposition to call a hotel, the 'New York,' for the purpose of getting Americans into their hostelry, and then not able to speak the language." They left and I did not see them again.

This reminded me of the experience of a traveler in Kentucky in early days, who drove up to a public inn; a colored boy went out to take his horse, when the traveler accosted him as follows: "Boy, extricate the quadruped from the vehicle, stabulate him, donate him with an adequate supply of nutritious aliment and when the aurora of morn shall again illuminate the oriental horizon, I will reward you a pecuniary compensation for your amiable hospitality." The lad rushed into the house and said, "Massa, Massa, thar is a Dutchman out thar wants to see you."

This hotel in Florence was well filled with Americans and Englishmen, most of whom could speak enough French or Italian to meet the necessities of travel. If not, a guide was always at hand who could translate for you, and further, he could direct you to all places of interest for a reasonable compensation. Here you see the Cathedral Santa Maria, the dome of which is said to be the largest in the world. Opposite the front of the cathedral stands the baptistry, whose great bronze portals, adorned with bas-reliefs, Michael Angelo declared were worthy to be the gates of Paradise. Here are the galleries of Pitti and Uffizi. They are very rich and extensive, containing many of the best works of Michael Angelo, Titian, Murillo, Rubens,

Salvator, Rossi and several of Raphael's, including the celebrated "Madonna della Sagiola,"—a grand galaxy of names. From 1865 to 1871 it was the capital of United Italy, then it was moved to Rome, where it now is.

My next stopping-place was the city of Genoa, the birthplace of Christopher Columbus. Uninviting as this city is now, I could not pass it by without paying my respects to the birthplace of so illustrious a personage. Its agriculture is unimportant for want of level land, but the hills about are covered with vines and olive trees. Early in 1861 Garibaldi made it a part of the Kingdom of United Italy, after it had passed through a great variety of governmental vicissitudes. The most striking of its palaces is the Palazzo Dora, located in a conspicuous position overlooking the sea. This enjoys greatly what the San Franciscan delights in, "a marine view."

From Genoa I passed on to Turin. It was the capital of the Kingdom of Sardinia, of which Victor Emanuel was king until 1860, then up to 1865 capital of United Italy, with Victor Emanuel King. This was the period of our Civil War. Cavour was Secretary of Foreign Affairs, an astute and scholarly statesman, likened often to our W. H. Seward, Lincoln's great Secretary of State. He was one of Turin's great benefactors, donating to it his great library and

three million lire for a hospital, one of the largest of her numerous charitable institutions. Turin is remarkable for its fine bridges,—the one over the Dora forming a single arch—fine streets and promenades, large monuments and palaces, the permanent home of Cavour.

From Turin I went to Milan. As you approach this city you see its material condition is fortified with remarkably fertile soil. Unlike other Italian cities, Milan combines remarkable natural and architectural attractions with apparent comfort and prosperity, much of which is attributed to the rich land that surrounds the city. The circuit of the modern city is some eight miles, with a population when I was there of nearly a million, and it had the air of greater prosperity than any city I had seen in Italy. All the public buildings are models of architectural beauty, but they are all excelled by the Milan Cathedral, called the Duomo, which next to St. Peter's, is the largest church in Italy. Its construction was commenced in 1387 and is not yet finished, though Napoleon I gave a powerful impulse to its completion. Its carving and statuary, it is said, eclipse all other churches in the world. In the Church of Santa Maria is the celebrated fresco of the "Last Supper," by Leonardo da Vinci. The church of San Carlo has a dome only second in size to that of the

Pantheon and contains a marble group of the dead Saviour and the Virgin, by Marchesi. In looking upon the numerous churches you find in Milan and contemplating the money value they represent, which stands for the sacrifices the devout Catholics have freely made, you are impressed with the sincerity of their belief. This city abounds also in charitable institutions, which possess property to the amount of forty millions. One of them was shown me that had two legacies, respectively, of \$600,000 and \$1,800,000 from private individuals. The theaters and theatrical entertainments are numerous and excellent. The La Scala can accommodate between three and four thousand people. This city was equally renowned in the sixteenth century for its elegance and tastefulness of its finery, and became noted as a leader of fashion in Europe,—so much so that the English word “milliner” originated from “Milaner,” an importer of fashionable articles from Milan. The rule of Austria was brought to a close just before I was there in 1859. The Austrian troops evacuated Milan after the battle of Magenta. Napoleon III and Victor Emanuel made their entry into the city June 8th. A few days after this we saw Napoleon III, in commemoration of this event and the part he played in this campaign, review his army in the Champs de Mars. Italy

ceded to France Nice and Savoy; so, as the boys would say, you see, "Napoleon III was not there wholly for his better health."

After Milan, Venice. This city is unlike any other that I had ever seen,—built upon a number of islands; communication is kept up by some one hundred canals. The city in general is divided by one main canal larger than any other, which is spanned by a number of bridges. The largest of these is called the Rialto, on either side of which are found shops, one of which I patronized, where the lineal descendants of Shylock are much in evidence. Tradition claims this as the veritable spot occupied by that most exacting member of his race. It had a population when I was there of over a hundred thousand. The most attractive spot to the casual visitor was the Piazza of St. Mark's, upon one side of which is located the Doge's Palace, which is connected by a covered bridge with the prison. The trial of criminals was held in early times in a room in the palace, and should the prisoner be found guilty of a capital offense according to their law, he was compelled to cross this bridge, where a trap door would open by passing over it. The body of the person would fall down to a certain point, when a knife would strike his neck, separating the head from the body, and then down it would fall into a gondola awaiting

it below in the canal. On one side of this piazza is a building devoted to the care of a large number of pigeons, and exactly at midday they make their appearance for their daily meal. They are cared for at the public expense and are held in great veneration. Many people gather on the opposite side of the square to view this ceremony and take their own midday meal. The gondola is, no doubt, an enjoyable method of moving about in warm weather. There are some four thousand in all of these somber-looking craft. In accordance with an old regulation they are painted black. I was there the last day of December and must say I did not much enjoy the chill and humidity of the atmosphere while cruising about the city. The Doge's Palace contains the magnificent hall of the Great Council, now used as offices of the Provincial authorities, answering to our Board of Supervisors. It has other memorable rooms with embellishments and works of art by the most illustrious masters.

On December 30th I left for Trieste, where I remained one day. Previous to the building of the Suez Canal this city had a large trade with India, but since then it has lost much of it. The buildings of the Chamber of Commerce are about all I now remember of this once important commercial city.

From here I took the railway for the city of Vienna, stopping at the Cave of Adelsburgh,

where I passed its entire length, some four miles. This is a favorite summer resort of the "well-to-do" and members of the royal household of Austria. From here to the capital of the empire I encountered an immense snow storm that delayed us some hours—no snow plows to facilitate the clearing the way, but instead, a large multitude of men and women were engaged in shoveling away the snow. Such a scene I never saw before or since. This convinces one that the great motive power of Continental Europe is the human muscle. It may not be cheaper than steam or electricity, but it must be employed and fed, lest a revolution break out that might endanger the perpetuation of monarchical power.

I reached Vienna in a most violent snow storm and remained there a part of two days to usher in the New Year of 1861. The inclemency of the weather was not inviting. I saw their greatest cathedral, St. Stephens, and the opera house. The church is a fine specimen of Gothic architecture, and I was surprised to find that upward of nine tenths of the inhabitants were Roman Catholics. The people of Vienna are great lovers of music, as their fine opera-house attests.

The severity of the weather and the dreary monotony of traveling alone, made me long for a return to Paris, where I knew and could meet

many Americans, and better, could find some Californians, to whom I was more closely allied in interests and in hopes. Made but one stop in going to the French capital, which was Munich. Of its remarkably fine works of art I had heard much, and in all of which I was not disappointed. Upon entering one of their galleries of art I saw the portrait of Lola Montez, a person who had been conspicuous as a singer and dancer in the '50's in California. The Bavarians are largely Catholic, a very industrious and frugal people.

From Munich I went direct to Paris. When I reached Paris early in January, 1861, I found a great change in the climate and the appearance of the city—cold and quiet compared to what it was in June and July, 1860. Found no Californians whom I knew but Edward Carpentier, and he seemed very glad to meet me again. The summer gayety had passed, and the winter's had not yet commenced. The threatening political disturbances at home gave me a restless feeling and I was anxious to move on. My few days' stay here concluded with a dinner at "Vafours," the Delmonico's of Paris, and when bidding adieu to my friend Carpentier, whom I had first met in the summer, he passed over to me a draft for \$2,000 on Baring Brothers' banking house, with a request that I deposit it to his

credit with them. Then I took my leave of that city that had been the scene of so much gayety, glory and grief.

On my way to London I fell in with an English gentleman just returning from the Island of Capua, where he met Doctor Partridge, an eminent surgeon of London, who had been called there to consult with other surgeons for a wound received in the Italian wars of Garibaldi; and to him I made known the affliction that had followed me all the way from the plains of Russia, occasioned by that long ride in the non-elastic drosky. He gave me the distinguished surgeon's card and advised me to call on him in consultation. I had little expectation that he could do me any good, but to my infinite delight, after the third application of iodine, the pain all passed away. Before this I must have received prescriptions from at least a dozen doctors of high standing in their several places of abode, with no favorable results. In London I was advised to stop at the Adelphi Hotel, on Adams Street, just off the Strand, opposite the Adelphi Theatre, at which Boucicault was playing the "Colleen Bawn." He had played it over three hundred nights consecutively at the time of our visit.

Mr. Pacheco, who had traveled through Germany and Russia with me, arrived in London

a day or so after I had. He domiciled himself at the more fashionable house, "The Morbeys," but after a visit to me at the Adelphi, he came there also: From here we daily went forth to see the varied and substantial wonders of that great city.

4 / Of no small assistance to us at the time was a cousin of mine, whom I had not seen for many years, who had resided in London for some time as the London correspondent of the *New York Herald*. He had written a book upon his travels in Iceland and upon the postal laws of England, also a text-book upon mnemotechnics. It was rare to find a man with greater versatility of talent than Plina Miles. He was just the kind of person who could be of great service. He took us first to the Tower of London, the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's and Buckingham Palace; then a sail down to Greenwich for a fish dinner (whitebait). Parliament was to convene on the 13th of February. Getting tickets from our Minister, George M. Dallas, we were permitted to witness that august ceremony and listen to the Queen's address, which that year she delivered in person—an unusual custom. The coming May she would be forty-four years old. She had a kindly expression of countenance, was well-preserved and in the full vigor of life. I could not wonder that

the English people so dearly loved her. The Queen's address was short but distinctly delivered.

The day before the meeting of this Parliament, the State of South Carolina had seceded from the National Union of States, and in presenting the card from our Minister the door-keeper sarcastically remarked that "he hoped we were not from South Carolina." This was the culmination of our great apprehension. What can we next expect? was in all minds. The ceremony of opening for a season's work the greatest deliberative body upon earth was soon over. Disraeli was Prime Minister and Gladstone was there in the full vigor of his mental strength; no debate at that time—a simple reference to the Queen's address to the proper committee—and we withdrew. The news from home made us more uneasy than ever, and we set about at once getting ready to return, and on the 19th of February we sailed from Liverpool for Boston.

En route to Liverpool, my cousin, Pliny Miles,^{21/} accompanied me as far as Stratford-on-Avon, where we were entertained by a friend of his who was one of the original builders of the Illinois Central Railroad—a perfect specimen of John Bull. The small churchyard that holds the ashes of the great poet and dramatist was reverently looked upon, and after a dinner upon

the Nob Hill of this small town, I bade adieu to my relative for the last time. A few years after, he died upon the island of Malta on his way to witness and write up the opening of the great Suez Canal. We arrived at Liverpool on the morning of the day we were to sail on the Cunarder "America," a staunch vessel. Had no time to see this great commercial emporium, but could not fail to admire its substantial docks and ample shipyards and all the needed requirements for its immense commerce.

Our homeward Atlantic voyage from Liverpool was a great contrast to our trip over in June on the "Adriatic," it being rough and stormy. I was rarely at the table; while going over, never missed a meal. This is accounted for by the difference in the season of the year. The steamer going over was crowded with passengers, gay and hilarious, while upon the return they were sedate and serious, though mostly commercial travelers.

We reached Boston with satisfaction March 1, 1861, after a very boisterous passage. Such kind of weather displayed in me very poor qualities as a sailor. We were both delighted when we came in sight of Bunker Hill monument and again realized that "There stands a memorial of the past, a monitor to the present and to succeeding generations of men." When the customs officers came on board our ship we realized for the

first time what a glorious policy would be that of free trade. Mr. Pacheco had an aunt living in Liverpool who had sent in his care two large boxes of dress goods to her nieces in California. Neither of us had the least idea of the value or quality of these goods,—unused to the skill of travelers or the proper *modus operandi* of treating with Uncle Samuel's agent or the need of supplying ourselves with a consul's certificate as to value of these goods at point of shipment. However, we pursued the usual way of all mankind in doing that for which they have no especial training,—submitted to what the agent of the Government demanded. This is a very easy way, but would surely end in bankruptcy unless fortified by an exhaustless bonanza. However, after settling the requirement of the law as interpreted *ex parte*, we had enough money left to pay a hackman to take us to a hotel. After a good dinner on land we soon forgot all our financial troubles. In the evening I looked up the Hollis Street Church, where Thomas Starr King, the celebrated Unitarian divine, held forth. The size of the church and the number of the audience were to me a disappointment. I concluded that there he was not appreciated.

The next morning, which was the second day of March, I started out to raise money to take us to New York City, where I had funds awaiting

me. Succeeded in finding a Bostonian whom I had known in San Francisco, who very kindly relieved us of our pressing necessities. Took the Boston, Hartford and New York Railroad, which passed through New Haven, where my brother Joseph was living and had been installed for some years in the practice of law. At that time he was unmarried. Upon looking him up and entering his office, I found ~~his partner, ex-~~ Judge Foster, who told us he was "out West" on some business ~~for the firm~~; met there a young attorney whom I had met when he was a student in college in 1851 on my way to California, and a college chum of Joseph, Homer B. Sprague. I recognized him at once, and after a pleasant chat for a few hours we passed on to New York. When we reached New York we stayed at the Metropolitan Hotel for one night; the next day went to Philadelphia on our way to Washington to witness the inauguration of President Lincoln.

After reaching Philadelphia and getting our dinner, I suggested to my comrade that we visit a person who had called on me in London by the name of Calhoun, whose card, with the number of the street, I had. This man called at the Adelphi Hotel in London, sending in his card. I returned it, saying I knew no one by that name and suggested that there must be some mistake. He sent the boy back with the message that while

he did not know me, he had some dear friends in California he wished to inquire about. I then gave him an audience, found him an intelligent and well-appearing person, claiming to know many people in California I knew. After spending the evening, and just as he was about to go, he said he was to leave the next day for Liverpool on his way to Philadelphia, and he wanted to get a loan of four pounds (twenty dollars) which he claimed the sudden calling of himself home required. I was then more susceptible to the blandishments and sophisms of newly made acquaintances than now. I accommodated him with the amount. So now, I hunted up his card upon which was the number of his house in the best part of Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. Upon reaching his pretended home, I was kindly received by a Mr. Randen, who told me that I was one of some twenty others who had called upon the same errand during that winter. He told me his wife was a Calhoun, but had no knowledge of the person whose card I had. As the amount was small and many others had fallen into the same trap, I concluded the lesson was cheap at the price.

The next morning, the 4th of March, 1861, with Mr. Pacheco, I started for Washington. Some Southern papers had predicted a resistance to the inauguration of the President. He

was obliged to pass through Baltimore disguised, lest some sympathizers with the South might assassinate him. He reached Washington on the 23d of February and stayed at Willard's Hotel. At midday on the 4th of March he delivered his inaugural address and proclaimed his Cabinet. We were within a few feet of the President when he took the oath of office and delivered his inaugural. It was in the open air, he standing upon the east portico of the Capitol, in front of which was an ample space for the accommodation of a large number of people. Chief Justice Roger B. Taney, robed with the insignia of his office, approached the stand, leaning upon the arm of the President, followed by all the members of the Supreme Court in their full official garb. Accompanying them were many members of the Upper House of Congress, in that simplicity of dress befitting an American Senator. Most conspicuous were Sumner of Massachusetts, Seward of New York, Douglass of Illinois, Foote of Vermont, John P. Hale of New Hampshire, Wilson of Massachusetts, Chase of Ohio, Latham of California, Johnson of Tennessee and E. D. Baker of Oregon. This made a gathering of the most distinguished men of the Nation—all of whom I recognized. The scene was strenuous and pathetic. Standing by our side was a large party of zealous Southerners.

At the conclusion of the sentence in the message, when the President declared with great emphasis "That there would be no war unless you yourselves are the aggressors, for you have taken no oath to destroy this Government while I have this day taken one to preserve and defend it," they said in a loud and angry voice, "Does he mean war? If he does we will give him all he wants of that;" indicating that they were bent on giving our country trouble, which they certainly did. This party was evidently representative Southerners. At the conclusion of the reading of the message we returned to Willard's Hotel, where we saw the retiring President, Buchanan, escorted through Pennsylvania Avenue to the railroad station, preceded and followed by a platoon of police. The streets were dusty and no small share of dust had gathered upon his person, giving him a sad and forlorn appearance. He presented a most dejected look, evidently convinced that he was retiring from his great office and the Capital of his country with but a small share of the honor and respect shown when he came to it. In the evening we attended the inaugural ball held in the Patent Office Building, which was crowded to its full capacity. The President came into the dancing room with Mrs. Charles Sumner of Massachusetts, while Mrs. Lincoln was leaning upon the arm of Sen-

ator Sumner immediately behind them. Then soon the sound of revelry began and continued until a late hour. The military and navy with their brilliant costumes were everywhere in evidence, while distinguished representatives of legislative and civic life were not wanting. Hilarity ruled the hours. Who would then have thought that the whole country would have been in arms in ninety days—one section of our common country arrayed against the other, with a bitterness and a ferocity rarely equaled in the world's history of wars, but so it was to be.

My goods and my interests were in California, and where they are, will one's heart be also, so I set my face westward. I spent a week in Watertown, New York, at the old homestead, and some days in Dansville where I had spent some months very pleasantly immediately before leaving for Europe, learning much from the physician in chief of the sanitarium at that place, and touched by the hospitality of the people.

Then, after a day or two spent at New Haven with my brother Joseph, I returned to New York and took passage upon the steamer "Champion," leaving New York on the first day of April, for San Francisco. Joseph came on to see me off, and we found a family from Dansville there to bid me *bon voyage*. With us was a choice class of passengers. Among them were Senators M.

S. Latham of California and Joe Lane of Oregon, General Naglee and General E. V. Sumner, whose presence was unknown to us all until we were going into the Golden Gate, when he came out of his room in a major-general's uniform. His unexpected appearance caused much speculation as to his purpose. When we went on shore it was promptly revealed, and the *Evening Bulletin*—which was an ardent Union journal—gave it fully to the public. It seems that just before we left New York a Californian had come overland to Washington, giving the President the information of a contemplated plot by Southern sympathizers in San Francisco to seize its fortifications and carry the Coast over to the Southern Confederacy. Then he quietly appointed General E. V. Sumner to succeed General Sydney A. Johnson, a native of the South, who was in command here and in full sympathy with Southern purposes and intentions. This was a clever and well-executed scheme on the part of the President to thwart the designs of the South to add this Coast to their power of resistance to the perpetuity of the Union.

The evening of our arrival Senator Latham spoke from a hastily prepared platform at the corner of Montgomery and Market streets. In his speech he discussed both sides of the question, and it required the genius of a "Philadelphia

lawyer" to determine whether he was for or against the Union; he was soon convinced that no more equivocal speeches would be tolerated in California, for on the next day he went to his home in Sacramento, where he came out for the Union in no doubtful language. Mr. Latham, though born in the North, had lived some time in the South before coming to California, and the mint juleps he imbibed there somewhat weakened his backbone for the Union cause. The Southern people were a social and chivalrous class, and once within their influence it was hard to resist their personal and fascinating ways—supported, as they were, with the peculiar institution that enabled them to amass a fortune readily by growing cotton, which the entire world wanted, by a labor that was cheap and readily procured, but its saddest feature was the demoralization of the young planter and poor whites of all ages. Almost the whole Christian world at that time had condemned the institution of slavery; hence their cause was regarded as forlorn by all clear-thinking people. We arrived in San Francisco on the 24th of April. On the 19th of April a Massachusetts regiment on its way to Washington was fired upon in going through Baltimore, and that day the first life was given to the cause of the Union.

Upon my return to California after two years'

absence, I could see great changes. A city of great business activity in 1859, the great mining development, and the significant military movement had greatly added to its commercial importance. During my absence the great Comstock lode in Nevada had been discovered. The early years of my life in California had been devoted to mining and commerce. The first object that engaged my attention was what was to be the effect of the then impending war upon the trade on this Coast. I had formerly imported turpentine from the East; the price here then was low, and should the war continue any length of time it would certainly have the effect to advance the price of that article materially. As it all came from the seceding States, I could not make up my mind that the Southern people were so foolish as to wage a war in which there was so much for them to lose and so little to gain. I did learn, however, that the passions of men when thoroughly aroused, control their actions in despite of their reason, which is a great lesson for a young man to learn, as well as to strive not to be of the blind majority. The motto to "Keep cool and go slow" is useful for men of affairs.

Upon my arrival I took up my home at the "Oriental Hotel," located at the corner of Battery and Bush streets. This was the headquar-

ters largely of the military as well as the men of affairs. Here I met many men who had just come from the Comstock lode. An old merchant, Mr. H. G. Blaisdell, whom I had known for some years, called on me. He had just returned from Nevada, where he had been for some months, having, as I thought and believed, studied well the Comstock lode and its prospects. My affairs here were then in the hands of an agent, Mr. Asa T. Lawton, a merchant of rare sagacity and shrewdness. He was largely interested in merchandise at that time, but had made no money the past year, and he advised me to go over to Nevada and look the ground over there and examine the mines. All that I had heard confirmed the advice, and I decided to act upon it promptly.

Arriving at Virginia City, I found great activity. The Ophir was taking out large quantities of good ore, ranging from \$25 to \$80 per ton. The mine was producing far more ore than they had milling capacity to work. This condition of affairs was favorable for the establishment of a mill to reduce ores. So a co-partnership was formed to build a mill. I was invited to join by H. G. Blaisdell, the merchant heretofore mentioned. He was a man of unquestioned integrity and was later on Governor of the State of Nevada. The other partners were W. H.

Graves and O. F. Giffen. A very substantial mill was built in the Seven Mile Canyon, just below the town of Virginia City. When completed, we found that it had cost far more than the millwright had estimated. We started in with the belief that a sixteen-stamp mill could be built for some \$17,000, and when it was completed and thoroughly equipped, we found we had invested nearly \$50,000. It was, however, the most thoroughly built mill in the territory at that time, and when it started up we were proud of its action and full of hope. I came to San Francisco, leaving Blaisdell and Graves in charge. There soon developed great dissimilarity in tastes, habits and judgment between these two men. Governor Blaisdell was a zealous Methodist, a strict constructionist of the command that "Six days shalt thou labor and the seventh shall be given to the worship of thy God." He could tolerate no work or even repairs about the mill on Sunday, while Graves had never been a churchman. The latter was a great admirer of the horse, and Sundays would find him behind a fine team of horses, driving over to the sulphur springs, some ten miles from the town, and while there, indulging the belief that his system required a liberal tonic of the produce of the Blue Grass region of Kentucky, known as Old Bourbon whisky. He returned one Sunday evening to

the mill and found that the boilers had not been cleaned of the scale that generally gathered upon them during the week's run. This would require the loss of most of the following Monday. The water there was very hard and full of alkaline properties that formed a scale of great tenacity upon the tubes of the boilers. When Mr. Graves reached the mill Monday morning and found the mill idle, there was an "irrepressible conflict" between the churchman on the one hand and the one who was not an advocate of the Maine liquor laws on the other. Our property was in great peril. He immediately telegraphed me in a very inflammatory-worded despatch to come at once to Virginia City. After consulting with our other partner, Mr. Giffen, I started for Nevada with sad forebodings. Upon my arrival at Virginia City, I found that our belligerent partners had declared an unarmed truce. Their weapons of warfare so far had been confined to the tongue. From reports given me by citizens of the town, that instrument was used in a manner rarely excelled in bitterness by Mr. Graves, while Mr. Blaisdell preferred to submit his case without argument. This was wise for him, as I found public sentiment was running largely in his favor. These two men were very much unlike in physical condition. The future Governor was six feet and three inches and well

proportioned, while Graves was five feet and five inches. These two men were the promoters and projectors of this enterprise. Mr. Giffen and I knew really but little about it. I placed great reliance upon the integrity and judgment of Mr. Blaisdell. In debating this enterprise while in San Francisco, I called them the "long and the short" of the copartnership. I heard both sides of the dispute, but their methods were so diverse that there was no possible likelihood for a reconciliation. Then I suggested that one buy out the other, "for a house divided against itself cannot stand." I found that Mr. Blaisdell had then no money, while Mr. Graves had, so I obtained an option from the one who could not buy and submitted it to the one who could. After a few days' negotiation, which was carried on very pleasantly (for I was then a friend of both and wished in the interest of all that as little bitterness as possible should continue after this transaction was concluded), Mr. Blaisdell retired from the concern well satisfied, and Mr. Graves was equally content.

The transaction was a fortunate and happy one for all. Mr. Blaisdell invested his money in the Potosi mine and in less than a year had made \$100,000. Mr. Graves had a half-brother then at work for the concern, who developed into a very capable manager of its affairs. I remained

some months at the mill, in town and at another mill, upon which Mr. Wm. Freeborn and myself had loaned Geo. N. Shaw, an old San Francisco merchant who was then building a mill on Carson River, \$20,000, with an option when the mill should have been completed to accept fifty-one one-hundredths of the property in satisfaction of our mortgage. Mr. Shaw was a man of great confidence in the Comstock lode, and time demonstrated that he had a very proper and correct estimate of its ultimate value. Had he only bought what he could have paid for and awaited the developments of time he would have been a very rich man; instead of that he soon telegraphed us "I am at the end of my tether—come up." Having contracted for more than he could pay for, his creditors were pressing him and the mill was not completed. He then proposed to deed the mill over to us in its uncompleted condition, in consideration of the loans then owing us. He had himself invested some \$20,000 in the property at that time. We accepted his proposition, giving him a right to redeem the property by paying us back all we were to advance in completing the mill, i. e. the forty-nine one-hundredths of the mill, land and water-rights, for the \$20,000 already invested. We proceeded to complete the mill at a cost of nearly \$20,000 more, and when finished it was a fine property,

with large prospective earning capacity. Mr. Freeborn was in the city and had sold the property to Mr. Polhemus of Alsop & Company, the owners of the Mexican mine, which was then producing great quantities of good ore. The price to be paid was \$80,000, conditioned upon its coming up to the representation of my associate. A Mr. Dorsey, a mill and mining engineer representing Alsop & Company, was on his way to Virginia City to examine and accept or reject the property on their behalf, when he was caught in the greatest snow storm that had at that time ever been known in those mountains and was detained at Strawberry Valley for a week. After snow ceased falling, a warm rain set in that caused a tremendous flood on the Carson River, upon which the mill was situated. I was at the mill in person during this flood, and with the aid of twenty men was striving to save it from being carried down the stream. I succeeded after a week or so of hard struggle, in digging on the east side of the mill a ditch which would divide the waters and divert them from coming in immediate contact with the mill. This resulted in saving the property from being carried away from its foundation, but the dam and ditch were washed away and large quantities of earth were brought down from some distance up the river and lodged in the place where the dam and ditch were located,

and so filled in the head to the dam that the water-power we had formerly, of eighteen feet fall, was reduced to two, which rendered the power practically of no value. In a country where wood was worth \$16 a cord, water-power was eagerly sought for at high prices. This great flood was a sad calamity to all concerned, especially for Mr. Shaw, who took to his bed afflicted with sciatic rheumatism, and in a few days died, leaving an estate utterly bankrupt. Mr. Dorsey, the representative of Alsop & Company, would have bought the property but for the damage done by the flood. In the then condition of the property it would not bring near what we had advanced upon it, and the house of Alsop & Company declined to make an offer for it.

My partner, Mr. Freeborn, had met reverses in some mining speculations in the then territory of Nevada and remained personally in San Francisco, leaving this unfortunate venture alone with me. He was what might be called a kid-gloved miner. I think he never came again to the territory. I kept a watchman on the property for some months, until the spring and summer had fairly opened. During this time the creditors of Mr. Shaw became clamorous for their pay, especially the material men, who had supplied him on his personal credit while in posses-

sion of the property, and at last the house of Smith & Day, the lumber men, sued for some \$3,500, and obtained in the Supreme Court of the territory a judgment against us for that amount. Then other creditors threatened suit, but I said to them all that this action was to be appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States.

After consulting attorneys, I found there was no provision in the then existing laws for an appeal from a territory to the Supreme Court of the United States. Single handed as I was, for Mr. Freeborn had lost his power of defense, I resolved to go on to Washington and procure the passage of an "Enabling Act," permitting the appeal of causes that had been passed through the courts of the territory, to the court of last resort in this country. When I arrived in Washington I found Nevada had been admitted as a state, and one of my attorneys, W. M. Stewart, and Governor Nye had been sent on as Senators from the State of Nevada. I took my brother Joseph of New Haven, Conn., then a practicing attorney, to Washington, and he prepared the bill, with the assistance of the Hon. Mr. Worthington, then a member of Congress from Nevada, Mr. Kernon of Utica, New York, and Mr. Ambrose Clark, who represented the district in which I was born, in New York State.

After persistent and continuous work for two

months, it passed the House of Representatives, and with the assistance and zealous co-operation of Senators Foster of Connecticut and Reverdy Johnson of Maryland, it was brought before the Senate, where it met the opposition of Senators Nye and Stewart. The latter had been our attorney in all this transaction, and in others of no small magnitude, in corporations in which I was largely interested, and to find that he was opposing the passage of this law that I was seeking to have passed, to save me from his blunders and legal advice, gave me an opinion of him that no time will ever efface. However, it became the law of the land, having passed the House by a large majority and the Senate by 43 to 23. I had employed a Mr. Carlisle, an attorney of high standing in Washington, to present our case to the Supreme Court. He could easily have had the case reversed were it not for some fatal errors in the transcript of the papers in the case from the courts of Nevada, which I have always believed were brought about by the cupidity and neglect of our attorneys in Nevada, of which Stewart was the senior member. We paid this judgment and then found that the statute of limitations had protected us from further annoyance from the creditors of Geo. N. Shaw.

I then proceeded to find a customer for the mill, which I did in the Ophir Company, whose

mine was then producing large quantities of ore of good quality. They paid us \$20,000 for the property that had cost us nearly \$40,000, besides nearly \$20,000 that Shaw had invested. So we see what a destructive element is water when beyond control—as bad as fire, though different—it can destroy realty, while fire can only destroy personal property. However, I charge the deficit to experience account and the act of Providence.

During all this trying time I had contributed my full share to the administration of the affairs of the mill owned by Giffen, Graves and Sheldon. This was a steam mill located not more than a half mile from the Ophir and Mexican mines. We had bought some ore of the Ophir Company, and found we could make a good profit by working it in our mill. I came down here to see the company's president, Mr. Blanding, by the advice of the superintendent, with a view of buying all the ore they had upon their dump, some 25,000 tons; offered them \$15 per ton, while we were giving them \$20 in lots of 100 tons. Stockholders were clamoring for increased dividends. I found that I could buy the entire body of ore they had out of the mine if I could have paid cash for it. This would involve \$375,000, which was beyond our ability to reach. We could have made easily and safely \$250,000 by

the transaction. Had I had the financial grasp that time and age have given me, I would have approached some of our Michel Reeses, Nicholas Lunings or John Parrots to assist me in this transaction, which was equivalent to buying \$20 pieces for \$12.50. However, we bought all we could pay for at \$20 per ton. It soon became noised about what we were making, and then new mills began to spring up like mushrooms, and in a few months the competition was so great and the company themselves had so increased their own milling capacity, that the price of ore was advanced to a figure that forbade much profit in working it.

The flood had filled most of the mines of Gold Hill with water and had destroyed their old and primitive methods of raising the ore from the levels. We found one concern which had a valuable mine in Gold Hill embarrassed by the losses on their mill at Carson River. They approached us to buy their mine. They had suffered great loss by the flood, both at their mill and mine. Theirs was a water-power mill. After a few days' negotiating we bought the mine located at Gold Hill for \$75,000. This was the best bargain I ever made. The owners were Stewart, Hening, Morgan and Wood. We spent some \$5,000 in sinking a new shaft and in opening up the mine in good shape. After working

the old ledge down some fifty feet, from which we had taken out all the mine cost us, it narrowed down and was finally cut entirely off by a strata of blue clay, through the seams of which water would percolate, highly impregnated with silver sulphurets. The foreman reported to me at the office of the mill at 2 o'clock one morning that the old ledge was likely, in a day or two, to entirely disappear. One of the owners of an adjoining mine soon arrived at the office under the influence of liquor, utterly demoralized. I was in no condition of mind to treat with civility a man in his condition. Then I realized most thoroughly the uncertainty of a miner's life in the world of affairs—from great expectations the day before, to utter disappointment. That night will never be forgotten by me, and it did have great influence upon my future desire for mining. This, together with the experience here had with the Shaw mill investment, brought me to the conclusion that "riches will take wings" at a livelier speed in mining than any other venture that I had known.

My first move was to consult an old Mexican by the name of Meldenado, who was running an arrastre at the Ophir mine. He had large experience in the silver mines of Mexico and South America. I took him to the mine, and as soon as he tasted the water that came from the seams

in the blue clay he danced about, throwing up his hat, declaring that the richest ore that was ever found was at the source of this water. We immediately set men at work running a drift east of the old workings, and after going some fifty feet, we opened up a body of ore, showing no free metal, but one mass of black sulphurates exhibiting evidence of having been subjected at some time to great heat. The rock was utterly disintegrated. Taking a few handfuls of this matter I found that it assayed ten thousand dollars per ton. What a contrast to the feeling I had about a week before when the foreman reported at near midnight that he had lost the ledge or would in a day or so!

Giffen and Graves were then in San Francisco. I wrote them the condition of the mine with this new development and sent them samples of the ore.

Before this new discovery became generally known, I bought sixteen feet of ground adjoining for eight thousand dollars per foot, one-half of which the concern took and the other half was sold to ex-Judge Joseph Baldwin, who then became one of our partners. He was the most genial and humorous man I ever knew, had written a book called the "Flush Times of Alabama" that I had read and enjoyed very much. It was a sure cure for dyspepsia. Then soon came a prop-

osition from Harrold and Hamilton and a Mrs. Col. Ormsby, who owned mining ground next to ours, to join our mine and mill with their properties in an incorporation, and in a few weeks we formed a corporation known as the "Empire Mill and Mining Company," with O. F. Giffen as president and George R. Spinney as secretary. Then we bought another mill just below Gold Hill. This greatly increased our capacity for working the ore. After the incorporation of the company, we placed the stock upon the San Francisco Stock Exchange, where it took high rank at once. After our organizing into a joint stock company, Mr. Robert N. Graves, who had the confidence of all, was placed in charge of the property as superintendent.

Soon afterwards, I was physically disabled by an attack of rheumatism and went to Paso Robles Springs. After remaining there for a few days I was summoned by Giffen and Graves to go to Virginia City, where the title to some eight feet of our ground was threatened by a man by the name of Killip, who claimed he had acquired his pretended rights from a person who declared he had loaned the money to Wm. M. Stewart with which he bought the ground, and "set up" that Stewart was acting for him. There were arrayed against us ex-Judge Heydenfeldt

and E. H. Gould of San Francisco. The case was brought before Judge Mott, then presiding judge of that district. The press had given some notice to this pretended claim and a suit was threatened. So we, anticipating this attack upon our title, brought suit as plaintiffs to quiet our title to this ground. Before the mine had assumed great value no serious claim was set up or much mention made of Killip's pretended rights. Messrs. Stewart, Henning, Morgan and Wood had given us a guarantee bond at the time of purchase, protecting us against this talked-of claim, but after this new development we considered their bond inadequate to compensate us for the damage that might accrue to us should the suit result adversely, so we prepared for a vigorous prosecution. The first thing I did upon my arrival upon the ground was to employ General Chas. H. S. Williams, who then stood pre-eminent as an advocate before a jury. Asking him what he would require as a retainer, he responded, "ten thousand dollars." I replied, "Is not that a little salty?" whereupon he promptly responded, "I am a salty adviser."

A few days before the cause was set for trial, I went to Mr. Williams's office and learned he was over at Washoe City, where the Ophir Company had their reduction works, some six miles from the town. Going over there to see him, I

found him at a grocery in no condition to appear before a court with judicial power, but instead was pre-eminently a proper subject to be passed over into the hands of the managers of an "inebriates' home," his voice incoherent and his garb slimy. He had our ten thousand dollars and we had not his services as an advocate; had heard, however, that he was subject to these "spells." I went back and reported to his associates who, when the day arrived for the trial, made an application for a postponement of some thirty days on the ground of the infirmity of Williams. The presiding judge had a "fellow feeling for members of the profession afflicted with that kind of ailment, as he was at times subject to like attacks. However, when the second day's sitting approached, Attorney Williams was at his office looking like a Roman Senator. What a transformation! from the lowest specimen of mankind to the highest. When he appeared at the trial, and all through the trial of the cause, no just criticism could be visited upon him; and in ten minutes after the conclusion of Williams's argument and the charge of the judge, the jury returned a verdict in our favor. We never heard of Killip again.

During the lapse of time since my experience in Nevada, I have learned that the best way to avoid litigation is to see well to it that competent

attorneys, both in legal attainment and character, be employed to pass upon all titles, and at times it is well to be protected by title insurance companies. After my return to this city, I came to the conclusion that I had earned exemption from a further life in Nevada, and have not been in Virginia City since. Upon my return to San Francisco I went again for a considerable stay at Paso Robles Springs, having left the majority of my mining stock with my bankers and employed a broker to sell it with reasonable dispatch. After the sale of the larger part of it I came to the city well exempt from rheumatism. The stock was paying forty dollars a share monthly and I was selling the stock and had sold some for from a thousand to eleven hundred dollars per share. When incorporated, we made sixteen shares the equivalent of every foot of the ground, so we received in the ratio of sixteen thousand dollars for each original foot of ground that went into the corporation. At that time it was the highest price that had ever been paid for ground on the Comstock. As the first purchase was made at two thousand dollars per foot, this afforded a reasonable profit. Some ten years after the Consolidated Virginia reached a higher price. I am, I think, justly proud of the high credit the concern held before, as well as after, the incorporation. It was after I left that it consolidated with

the Imperial, and now its identity is lost. I think it was a mistake of the Empire owners to consolidate, for none of the ground taken in with this last company ever produced as much, nor was the expense of working it as little. In working the ore and in administering its affairs I never made any personal charge nor did I ever receive a cent for personal services.

Soon after I had sold the most of my stock in the Empire Mill and Mining Company, I began looking about for some permanent investment. The first purchase I made was the southeast corner of Kearny and Commercial Streets, owned by the French banking house of Pioche, Bayuerque & Company, then in liquidation. During the years 1854 to 1857, I had roomed on Kearny Street, but upon the side opposite this property, and on Saturday afternoons was much in my room and was impressed with the permanent value of this property by the throng of customers going and coming to the block. The City of Paris dry goods store, Nathan & Company, the glass and crockery dealers, and another dry goods house by the name of Rosenthal & Company were located on the east side of the street, while I was on the west. This purchase proved all that I expected; it has never been vacant during the nearly forty years I have owned it. The next purchase I made was on Washington

Street, running through to Merchant. This has continued good income paying land, but has depreciated some from what it was at one time, but would now bring nearly what I paid for it.

The next was the most fortunate purchase I ever made—the southeast corner of First and Market streets. It has advanced many fold; I have added expensive improvements to it, and now regard it as my best monument. Have never done anything as good in the way of investment of a permanent character. I bought lands on Howard Street, and during these times was daily in contact with mining men and the mining stock market; so at last in the month of September, 1864, I concluded to go East and perhaps remain there until at least I was weaned from again desiring to embark in mining. The vicissitudes of fortune that had come to my neighbors led me to consider whether it was wise for me to risk what I really needed, to get what I did not want.

Early in September, 1864, I left San Francisco for New York via Nicaragua, on the steamship "Moses Taylor," Captain Blethen commander. She had a small number of passengers. The only person I knew excepting the commander was a Mr. Faulkner, who was an importer of printing material and publisher of the first paper in San Francisco, so he told me. The

day before I left I made Mr. N. C. Fassett my agent, who at that time stood deservedly high as a merchant. He, however, became a disappointment to me in after years. The trip was uneventful. The captain was very fond of the game of draughts, to which he invited me almost daily. I soon found I was no match for him in skill or adroitness. I had to console myself with being number two in that strategic game. Upon arriving in New York, remained a few days at the Metropolitan Hotel, but found that the Californians had changed their patronage to hotels farther up town.

I was then approaching thirty-five years of age. Knowing that seventy was allotted to man, I found I had thirty-five remaining. I had passed through perils of life and fortune, had returned to my native State with health and a modest competency. I felt somewhat like adopting the resolution of Omar, the son of Hassan, to never depend upon the smiles of princes—to never again expose myself to the artifices of courts and never to pant for public honors nor disturb my quiet with the affairs of State, but to cultivate a serenity of mind and “peace that passeth all understanding.” I believed this purpose could be better achieved by allying myself in marriage with one whose mind might be brought to run in channels not

unlike my own. Those were days of deep thought and meditation. After a few days' stay in New York I left for Dansville, New York, where I found a person meeting the requirements pictured to myself. Remained there a few weeks, during which time I engaged to marry Miss Agnes Welch, regardless of the admonition of "Punch" or the negative advice of Socrates. The 25th of the coming October was fixed upon as the time to consummate this engagement. Then I went to Watertown, New York, to visit my mother and look upon the old farm and homestead which has always had a charm for me, fully appreciating a remark I once heard of Henry Clay's, that "Wherever we are, beyond the ocean or beyond the mountains, our hearts will turn with an irresistible fondness to the spot that ushered us into existence." I thought at first that I would buy the place, impressed with the sentiment that "remote from cities lived a swain unvexed with all the care of gain," but concluded afterwards that I was soon to have a partner to consult—and who was not a swain—and looking about for the comrades of my youth and finding that most of them were either dead or had moved away, soon abandoned the thought of making this place my permanent home. I went in a few days to New York City and met there another Benedick, like myself from Cali-

fornia, who was soon to marry one of the fair daughters of Maine. We of course had much in "strict confidence" to say to each other, which of course our wives will never know; most of which in the "battle of life" we have forgotten. This much I do remember: We congratulated and condoled with each other alternately, for it is a well-known philosophical fact that not only felicity but misery likes company, for we were each about to wager the largest stake that ever comes to man in his entire earthly career. We were doing this too, in the full maturity of our powers, with our eyes wide open, for we had not passed near to the midway station of life as idle observers, but fully conscious of the responsibilities we were about to assume.

After purchasing a few presents for our coming brides we separated, he going to New England and I to western New York. Soon thereafter the appointed day arrived which was to play so important a part for our weal or woe. It was a charming sunshiny day, that twenty-fifth of October, 1864. Many were the predictions that the elements were emblematic of the felicities that would follow from that day's doings.

A little episode occurred after the services in the "little church around the corner," and while the refreshments were being served at the bride's

home. An old lady rushed up to me unknown, saying in a most pathetic tone, "Now, do take good care of her." It brought to my mind a similar request I had heard recited by men from our former slave-holding States when a faithful servant was sold from Virginia to go to New Orleans. I was from far-off California, whose people at that time were regarded, by many in the East, as not very much of an improvement over the slave trader. The stories written for the Eastern papers giving most blood-curdling accounts of murders, horse-stealings and hanging for theft, and the necessity for Vigilance Committees gave some semblance to the belief that Californians were a pretty hard congregation of "bad boys." I could not blame the solicitous matron. Soon the time came that was to separate practically forever the lives of Agnes and her parents. We took the Erie Railroad for Buffalo and Niagara Falls, where we remained some time enjoying the autumn days of that latitude, the beauty of which has already become historic. At the commencement of the November rains we moved on to New York City. Arrived there the day before the election for a second term of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency. We made our home at the Everett House, corner of Fourth Avenue and Nineteenth Street, where we remained for the winter.

From my youth up I have had an insatiable desire to be doing something. I am like the restless sea, the ebb and flow of which illustrates my constant desire to be on the move, I am of that nervous temperament that forbids protracted and continuous study, so essential to the life of a scholar; so, after a month or so devoted to the observation of the very phenomenal growth of New York City since I first saw it, I called upon the house of David Davis & Company and Sewall, Harrison & Company, with whom in former years I had done some business, and after a few days' consideration, bought for the San Francisco market a considerable quantity of bacon and lard; therefore, soon found myself studying closely the prices of these articles both in New York and San Francisco, and the expense of transportation. The war was then being fiercely prosecuted and the price of gold fluctuated greatly, so that became an object of study, as the goods were bought for currency and sold for gold.

I continued this export business during the years of '65 and '66, and during this latter year came out to California. Sold out and closed that enterprise with a small profit. The local production nearly supplied the necessities of the trade; the demand for Eastern goods was small. Came out on the steamer with Adam Chabot, the

first engineer that the Spring Valley Water Company employed in their works. He had in view then the construction of the Contra Costa Water Works and invited me to join him. This was one of the enterprises where my caution got the better of my judgment.

After selling what merchandise I had in California and on the way, I returned to New York and joined a company in making gas from gasoline, the refuse of petroleum. Mr. Hiram Maxim had invented a process by which he manufactured gas at a nominal price, and there was a large demand then for lighting country hotels and manufacturing concerns located in isolated places away from all coal-gas companies. For some time the enterprise promised great success. The right to make the machine in California was sold for \$35,000, and other territory was being negotiated for when a fire took place in one of the large hotels where this gas was used. That caused the insurance companies to decline taking further risks upon buildings lighted by this gas, and thereafter the trade was limited, and I sold out with experience instead of profits as my reward, which is often the case in our "battle of life." The inventor, Mr. Hiram Maxim, was the most remarkable man I ever knew for keenness of thought and activity of mind in any matter of a mechanical character.

A few years afterwards he went to London and brought out a rapid-firing gun for which the English people paid him a million dollars, and later he was knighted Sir Hiram Maxim. He is a native of the State of Maine and a most remarkable man in his specialties.

In July, 1869, I again came to California, summoned by the illness of my brother Bishop, who died while I was on the way hither; hence, never saw him again. He was our mother's favorite son, and I think never had an enemy; was better by far to all mankind than to himself; but few nobler men ever lived on this earth than Bishop Sheldon. He was the second son of the five in our family. Worldly affairs were no specialty of his, but in kindly fellowship and brotherly love he had no superior. Love to God and love to man was his religion and was exemplified in his daily intercourse with mankind. I never expect to look upon his like again. I remained here some weeks and then returned to New York. This trip was made by railroad, the first made in that way. Had made trips by water via Panama, Tehuantepec and Nicaragua.

I returned the day after the celebrated "Black Friday." This was a memorable day in the finances of Wall Street. Jay Gould and James Fisk had engineered a successful campaign in railway shares. Then they turned their attention

to gold that was selling for from 40 to 60 per cent premium, when all at once they bid it up to 200, and then in an hour advanced it to 280, when the price suddenly fell to 160. This was a day of the most intense financial alarm that was ever experienced in that street, whose history is replete with wonders and astonishments. The day I reached New York, Wall Street was strewn with financial wrecks. The possibility of such a sudden and material advance in the price of gold justly alarmed merchants and bankers, whose business daily required the purchase of gold for remittance to Europe to meet their maturing obligations. Public sentiment ran strongly against Fisk and Gould. That the business of the country should be menaced by two financial brigands (as many called them) filled all with amazement.

To prevent the recurrence of such a condition, the following session of Congress authorized the Secretary of the Treasury to sell gold in such amounts as he deemed best to avert another such possibility. A period of great speculation followed this event. By this operation, Fisk and Gould had become financially very strong and continued for some years a great power in American finance. Imbued with the fever of speculation that then pervaded all classes, I joined in a modest way for a short time

that mad throng that daily visited the scenes of the stock and gold exchange rooms. I have never regretted it, for it was a school to me, but would never advise any one with a temperament unlike my own to do so. To make it more prudent for me I had had some experience in similar ventures in San Francisco.

The event of the most thrilling nature that came to my notice was the day Commodore Vanderbilt had bought as he supposed, a controlling interest in the Erie Railroad, at the time Daniel Drew was president and manager. Mr. Drew, not wishing to lose the control of a property the manipulation of which was a great bonanza for him, conceived the idea of over-issuing the amount of common stock of the company; and when it became known in the street that Mr. Vanderbilt's bank and brokers had to compete with the product of Drew's printing press, which he was sending to the stock exchange, there ensued a panic in this stock and the price fell rapidly from 90 to 40 in a few hours. Mr. Drew fled to Jersey City to avoid the service of papers, accusing him of a felony under the New York law. He remained in exile for some weeks. After a settlement was effected between these parties, Mr. Drew returned to his old haunts of speculation, shorn of much of his power. The following year Jay Gould caught

him largely short of Northwest Railway shares, which caused his financial doom, and a good lesson it was to all found on the bear side of the market.

The next exciting scene that I experienced was a panic brought about by the great fires at Chicago and Boston. I had no interest in the market at this time, but the financial wrecks were many and numerous. It demonstrated to me that the only sure and safe way to improve one's financial condition in Wall Street was to await these panics that were often occurring, then to buy good sound securities and await a change in the condition of the country. The next and last experience I had was the failure of Fisk & Hatch, the financial agents with Jay Cooke of the Central Pacific and the Northern Pacific railroads. This occurred in 1873, and is known in financial history as the panic of that year. This was the most far-reaching of any financial disturbance since 1837. The country had built railroads far beyond its needs. The shares of the Northern Pacific had been distributed throughout the country. Almost every bank in the East and Middle West had been given a commission to sell the shares and bonds of these railroads. Hence, when a moneyed stringency fell upon New York City they could not obtain relief from the country banks. The

large commissions given them for placing these securities absorbed most of the surplus of the banks. I was out of the city at the time of this panic and had no interest in the market. When such bankers as Howes & Macey, Jay Cook & Company, Fisk & Hatch, who had made large sums of money placing the Government loans during the war, together with a number of trust companies, failed, naturally there came about a serious decline in all securities, especially all those whose earning capacity had not been well established. I immediately went to New York City and found the Stock Exchange closed for a day or so, thus enabling members to adjust settlements as far as they could. Took dinner the day I arrived with Mr. B. Hinckley, of Hinckley, Spiers & Hayes, now owners of the Fulton Foundry and Ship Building Works, San Francisco. Mr. Hinckley had been on the bear side of the market for some time, and after this dinner I went to his rooms, and assisted him in adjusting his affairs, which showed that he had made three quarters of a million by the decline of securities. He had sold short. I pleaded with him earnestly for some days to abandon this hazardous business and go back to California and invest his money there, for I believed it would be a long time before the country would recover from this shock to its affairs, especially in the

East and Middle West. I did not convince him to my way of thinking, and in less than two years he had lost all he had, and the last I heard of him he was a poor man. I had invested some money in land and mortgages in Watertown, New York, and in a promising manufacture of sewing machines. I exchanged the unproductive lands for the latter stock and then, on the second day of January, 1874, started for California with my family, the first time they had ever been here.

Upon my arrival in California I found my affairs were needing my personal attention. My agent was largely interested in mines and wheat at that time, and in the following year he failed for a large amount, owing me but a small sum in comparison to what he would have owed me, had I not returned when I did. The Bank of California failed at the same time, which created similar conditions in a smaller way to those I had witnessed in New York in 1873. The failures here were caused by a sudden decline in mining shares that had been advanced to an abnormal price. I had kept true to my promise made in 1864 to have nothing further to do with mining.

At the time of the failures of the Bank of California and my agent, Mr. N. C. Fassett, I was engaged in building 417 and 419 Market Street. The bank with which I was then doing

business was not disturbed by these failures, hence I completed these improvements without financial embarrassment. I had made a loan during this time to the agent here of the sewing machine company (The Davis), the manufacture of which I was interested in as a stockholder, and it resulted in my having to take all the stock and bills receivable he had hypothecated with me as security for this loan. Not finding a ready buyer for this property I continued the business some years; at last found an opportunity to sell in 1886, making it nearly ten years before I was relieved from the most perplexing, but, at times, promising business. The principal in this transaction, a Mr. Warren, and Mr. Sherwood, his agent, proved themselves most ungrateful. They resorted to methods the most vicious, to perplex and annoy me. They ultimately found that the way of the wicked, as well as the transgressor, was hard; they both died prematurely and destitute, as well as their attorney, ex-Judge Tyler, who before his death was disbarred from practice in any of the courts of this State. He told me, however, before his disbarment that he was induced to take this case against me, by the most flagrant misrepresentation of the facts.

After the sale of my sewing-machine business to the Samuel Hill Company, I took steps for the erection of a five-story building on the south-

east corner of Market and First Streets, and raised the building at 417 and 419 Market Street one story to conform to the corner, making a building 91:8 x 137½, as substantial as any in the city, and in the lapse of fifteen years it has fully come up to my expectations as a dividend paying property. This building was constructed in 1886, and the whole of it was under lease before its completion; and now, 1901, it is yielding a larger income than ever. Have had many tempting offers for its sale, but have resolved to hold it as long as I live.

During my rather busy and active career have seen large fortunes made and lost. The two that I well knew and which illustrate the great disparity of fortunes were D. O. Mills and W. C. Ralston. In 1862 I was invited to join them in organizing the Bank of California, but I declined. Our mine at this time was producing large amounts of bullion, which we sold to Donohoe, Ralston & Company. Disagreements as to methods of doing business brought about the dissolution of this concern, and then Mr. Ralston organized the Bank of California with D. O. Mills, then of Sacramento, as president; while Mr. Donohoe, associating with Eugene Kelly, opened up the banking house of Donohoe-Kelly Company. The Bank of California, which was under the almost sole administration of Mr.



SHELDON BUILDING
Corner Market and First Streets. Reconstructed 1908



SHELDON BUILDING

Before and after fire of 1906

Ralston for some years, did the larger part of the business for the Coast, and it also had an immense commercial business. The phenomenal prosperity of the bank led Mr. Ralston into ventures not in harmony with legitimate banking and they led to serious disagreements between Mr. Mills and Mr. Ralston, which resulted in the latter's buying out nearly all the interest Mr. Mills had in the bank. Then Mr. Ralston's management of the concern was autocratic, and in a few years the most of the capital and surplus that it had at the time of the retirement of Mr. Mills, were entirely swept away and the bank failed. The day the bank closed its doors Mr. Ralston went over to North Beach, and throwing himself into the ocean closed his earthly career. I was offered that evening \$100,000 of its stock for \$10,000 of its bonds, so great was the apprehension that the personal liability would exceed that sum on that amount of stock. I declined having anything to do with it. It would have been a safe and paying venture for me, but I was skeptical of the value of the assets of the bank. My experience with Ralston as a banker was not calculated to inspire confidence in him as such. After Mr. Mills sold his interest in the bank, he went forward as a financier and amassed one of the largest fortunes in the country. What a contrast in the lives of two

men of equal opportunities when the Bank of California was first organized!

In March, 1893, I sold all interest I had in stocks in the East and gave to my oldest brother, a year afterwards, the farm I owned in Redfield, New York, and in the year 1899, the month of June, incorporated the Mark Sheldon Company, since which, my time has been given up to its management.

Soon after coming here from the mines in 1852, I received a letter from our Uncle Sewell Kendall, of Boston, ~~a brother of Amos Kendall, who was in the cabinet of General Jackson,~~ in which was a letter to Doctor Gray, the Unitarian minister here, but formerly of Boston. My uncle earnestly urged me to attend the preaching of Dr. Gray, which I did, and have almost continuously since attended this church and contributed to its support. My father and mother were Universalists, and to this church and society my youthful mind was directed. Most all of our neighbors were either Methodists or Baptists. We had a union Sunday-school at the school-house on my father's land, and I well remember one day a Methodist neighbor of ours expressed great concern to me personally for my almost certain doom to a sulphurous hereafter, should I continue to attend the ministrations of the Rev. Pitt Morse, the Universalist

(2) pastor, who stood deservedly high in all northern New York as a biblical scholar, pastor and gentleman. I continued to hold that "Love to God and love to man" is the highest type of religious thought. The difference between the Universalists and the Unitarians was once given by ~~Henry Ward Beecher~~: "That God," the Universalist held, "was too good to doom any of his children to eternal punishment," while the Unitarians held that "His children were deserving a far better fate than everlasting damnation from God the Maker and Father of all." ~~Dr. Johnson~~, I think, was right when he said, "For modes of faith let zealots strive; he can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

J. Stan King

Pope / (right?)

In politics, my father was a Democrat, and we children imbibed the doctrines of that party from the *Albany Argus* and *Watertown Jeffersonian*; however, my first vote was the only one ever cast with that party, and for its candidate, Franklin Pierce, in 1852. This was the last year that the Whig party presented a candidate, and that honor was given to Gen. Winfield Scott. Upon its dissolution, the Republican party was organized, and ever since I have allied myself with its principles and teachings. The first Presidential campaign I have any recollection of was that of 1836, when Martin Van Buren ran against Gen. Wm. H. Harrison, and the former

was elected. The Democrats were called for the most part Jackson men. It was during the last year of Gen. Jackson's administration that the Van Buren and Harrison contest was waged. The administration of Gen. Jackson was rendered conspicuous by his veto of the bill renewing the charter of the United States Bank, a measure earnestly advocated by the Whigs, as the opposition to the Democratic party was then called. That question became the leading issue in the campaign of 1836, and the opponents of the bank charter succeeded and Mr. Van Buren was elected. The advocates of this charter renewal were stigmatized as Tories, the last time that name was applied to any party.

I well remember, being then seven years old, that we boys would call an old refractory and balky horse—one that would stand without hitching, given to us to haul stones from the plowed fields—old gray "Tory." It was during the Van Buren term of four years that the great monetary panic of 1837 took place—the most serious and wide-spread of any the country had ever suffered from. The administration of Mr. Van Buren was charged with wanton extravagance. Then followed the campaign of 1840 with the same names as leaders of the two great parties. This contest I remember most vividly. Up to this time, there had never been, and rarely since has

been, a Presidential election "carried on" with so great fierceness. Almost every school district in our part of the country had its political clubs, and when Nathaniel P. Talmage, the United States Senator, came to our town to speak, there never had before been such a large gathering of voters. He was a well-known Whig representative. Farmers came to town with eight or ten yoke of cattle hauling an enormous wagon upon which was a log cabin, a barrel of hard cider and "coon" skins, typical of the frontier life of the farmer Harrison, the Whig candidate for President.

The depression in business that followed the panic of 1837 contributed largely to the great vote given to the Whig party in 1840. The party in power always suffers if the monetary affairs of the country are disturbed. So radical a change from the system of Government banks to the Sub-Treasury system created distrust for the moment, though it developed a much safer and a more reliable method. The old banking system became the means whereby charges of corruption were brought against the party in power, while the Sub-Treasury method of handling the finances of the country was a great improvement over the old system. It did contribute somewhat, no doubt, to the defeat of the party in power.

President Harrison only lived thirty days after his inaugural, being succeeded constitutionally by John Tyler, the Vice-President elected with him. He caused great consternation in the Whig party by his veto of their pet measure, the United States Bank Charter, upon which the election had been contested. He was stigmatized by the Whig party press and prominent leaders as a traitor and a renegade. During the nearly four years of Tyler's administration the country had become reconciled to the Treasury system as far better for all concerned than the old United States Bank, so at the end of Tyler's administration there were to be found but few advocates of the old United States Bank; therefore, it no longer became an issue in party division. The bitter discussion of this question among the Whigs had alienated many from the ranks of this historic party.

When the campaign of 1844 approached, the Whigs were not as strong or as well organized as four years before. They rallied, however, their forces again under the leadership of their most-beloved and magnetic leader, Henry Clay, of Kentucky. His manner, his voice and his oratory were rarely equaled. He was chairman of the African Colonization Society, the object of which was to gradually deport the slaves to Africa. This made him very strong with the

opponents of the extension of slavery to new territory. The Democrats nominated James K. Polk of Tennessee, who had been a member of the Lower House and its speaker. But a small part of the voters in the North had ever heard of him. The inquiry was often made, "Who is James K. Polk?" He was elected by a majority of 38,000 of the popular vote and 65 of the electoral to the great chagrin and mortification of the Whig leaders. The leading question at issue in this campaign was the tariff. The Democratic party pleaded for a tariff for revenue and incidental protection, while the Whigs declared for one of protection clear and simple.

In our State, that of New York, the contesting parties were represented in a debate that attracted the whole country, by Horace Greeley on behalf of the Whigs and the high protective tariff, while the Democratic party was represented by Silas Wright, then United States Senator from that State and its candidate for Governor. His was the first great speech I had ever heard, and to this day I remember his opening sentence, viz.: "I am frequently called upon by my fellow citizens to converse with them about our popular institutions." Then he passed on to illustrate the benefits and advantages of a tariff for revenue only and the dangers that would come to the country by adopting a tariff for pro-

talk to / public

tection alone. Horace Greeley answered the Senator in the columns of his *Tribune*, in a masterly and exhaustive paper, that became the text for representative speakers of the Whig party throughout the country. I listened to one and read the other; trained in the political school of Democracy, and my father being a personal friend of *Wright*, I thought he must be *right*. Our family were zealous partisans.

The Democratic party divided into two great factions at the next State election, called the Barnburners and Hunkers. Silas Wright and Samuel Young led in the former and Horatio Seymour and Wm. L. Marcy the latter, and at the next Presidential election had two candidates.

During the latter part of Polk's administration, less concern was given to the question of the tariff than that of territorial acquisition. Whether or not it should be given over to the exclusive use of free labor or should be divided among the slave and free alike. The annexation of the State of Texas with its institution of slavery was a triumph for the South. This, however, soon followed with a dispute over the boundary line between the State of Texas, then one of the States of the Union, and Mexico. This was followed by the war of 1846, between the United States and Mexico, which resulted

in the annexation of California, Arizona and New Mexico, under the Treaty of Peace at Guadalupe Hidalgo. General Taylor was the hero of this war and the Whig party took him up as their candidate for the Presidency in 1848, and the Democrats nominated General Cass of Michigan. There soon developed strong opposition in the party to Cass's nomination and the platform upon which he was to stand. The convention had rejected a resolution committing the party to the dedication of the new territory recently acquired to freedom and to the exclusion from it of human slavery. This resulted in a call for a convention to be held at Buffalo, New York, at which was nominated Martin Van Buren of New York for President, and Charles Francis Adams of Massachusetts for Vice-President.

With this movement my father was in sympathy. One resolution of the Buffalo convention I remember was, "The stone that the builders rejected—the same shall become the head of the corner." This party was called "Free Soil Democracy," and was the first organized demonstration against the extension of slavery into new territory. Martin Van Buren did not receive an electoral vote, but did receive 291,000 of the popular vote, enough to defeat Mr. Cass. General Taylor only received 140,000 more of the

popular vote than General Cass. Had the votes given to Van Buren been cast for Cass he would probably have been elected. This was a lively campaign. The son of Martin Van Buren came to our town and delivered an able address to a large number of voters. He had been Attorney-General of the State of New York. After the meeting, our member of Congress, Mr. Chas. B. Hoard, introduced our father to him while I was standing by his side. The arrangement was then concluded for my brother Joseph, then in Yale College, to enter his office as a student of law, upon his graduation.

General Zachary Taylor died after one year's service as President and was succeeded by Millard Fillmore, Vice-President, elected with him, who served three years as President. It was during his term of office that the "Fugitive Slave" law was passed by Congress, and Fillmore signed it, and it became the law of the land. Its constitutionality was challenged, but when submitted to the United States Supreme Court it was sanctioned by that body. In rendering the Court's opinion (1857) the Chief Justice, Roger B. Taney, used this language: "That the slave had no rights that white men were bound to respect." This was so abhorrent to the average conscience of the North that when the United States Marshal undertook to summon the *posse comi-*

(2)

That at the time
of the formation
of the government
the slave was
considered to have
no rights

tatus to aid in enforcing the law, returning fugitives, many refused, saying he might imprison them but they would not assist in enforcing such a law. This brought forth the memorable remark in a public speech from Hon. W. H. Seward, "That there was a higher law." Tom Corwin of Ohio was in the cabinet of Millard Fillmore and did not approve of the fugitive slave law, being an exclusionist, while Fillmore was endeavoring to enforce this law. He did not resign. However, in after years, during the term of James Buchanan as President, his constituents returned him to the Lower House of Congress when he took strong grounds against the extension of slavery and against this fugitive slave law. I happened to be in Washington, and one day while in the House of Representatives heard some members in opposition to him taunt him with the inquiry, "Were you not in Mr. Fillmore's cabinet when this first became a law?" and he responded facetiously, "Millard's head was not sound on that question."

It was during Fillmore's term that California was admitted as one of the States of the Union, on the 9th of September, 1850. This was brought about after bitter and acrimonious discussion between the interests of the free and slave States, with a triumph for free States' men. When the Presidential election of 1856 approached there

was but little said upon any question excepting that of slavery in the territory; and the anti-extension of slavery voters of the country organized under the name of Republican and nominated John C. Fremont for President and W. L. Dayton for Vice-President; while the Democrats placed James Buchanan at the head of their ticket, with J. C. Breckinridge as their Vice-President.

This was the first time in the history of the country that slavery became the dominant feature of an election. Buchanan was elected by a majority of 500,000 of the popular vote and 60 of the electoral. It was during the four years of his administration that the question of slavery in the territories exhausted itself in the forum of public debate. The commercial interests of the North were ready to compromise and concede much to the South, but the agricultural interests were ready to challenge the invasion of the slave power and they were reinforced by the anti-slavery party, not large in numbers, but large in their readiness to sacrifice all they had and all they hoped for. They were ready writers and formidable debaters. The evolution of public sentiment all over the civilized world was a formidable ally to the party resisting the encroachment of the slave power. It soon became an "irrepressible conflict" between existing, en-

during forces. The first great civic contest was held over the admission of Kansas. A convention met at Topeka in 1855 and the constitution formed and adopted by the people December 15, 1855, and this was rejected by Congress. Another constitution was formed at Lecompton, November 7, 1857. A bill passed Congress to admit, conditionally, under the Lecompton constitution May 4, 1858. This act of admission was rejected by the people January 4, 1859. Another convention met at Wyandotte July 5, 1859. By act of Congress, Kansas was admitted as a state, unconditionally, under the Wyandotte Constitution January 29, 1861. This forbade slavery in the state after a struggle of six years between the opposing forces, conducted at times without regard to peaceful methods. This conflict gave her the name of "Bleeding Kansas."

When the time approached for nominations for the election of 1860, party spirit ran high. The South felt sorely aggrieved over their defeat in Kansas. The two names that had attracted most attention in discussing this question before the people were Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglass, both candidates for the United States Senate. They arranged for a joint debate before the people. This discussion became historic. Never before or since has the debate of party questions commanded so wide-spread

and general attention from the intellectual forces of the country. This was like thunder before a storm. Their joint debate at Freeport, Illinois, I believe, brought together more voters than the country had ever seen gathered together upon one spot. The Legislature to be elected that fall was to elect a United States Senator, and Douglass was elected. The Republican party was then young, but it had the element of great intellectual strength behind it, while the Democratic party had the advantage of the power that comes from being in possession of the patronage of the country.

When the National convention met in Chicago the two prominent candidates were Abraham Lincoln and W. H. Seward. After protracted balloting the former received the nomination for President and Hannibal Hamlin of Maine for Vice-President. This was regarded, as it demonstrated itself to be, a formidable ticket, and the platform upon which they were to go before the people took strong anti-slavery extension position.

The Democratic National Convention met in Charleston, South Carolina, and after a long, bitter discussion of its platform the larger part of the Northern delegation went out of the convention to subsequently meet in Baltimore. The delegates remaining proceeded to nominate

John/
James C. Breckinridge of Kentucky for President and Joseph Lane of Oregon for Vice-President. The Baltimore branch of the Democratic party proceeded to nominate Stephen A. Douglass and H. V. Johnson. There yet remained a considerable number of voters not content with any of the three party declarations, and they called a convention that nominated John Bell of Tennessee and Edward Everett of Massachusetts, and took the name of "Conservatives." During the election, I was in Europe.

(Incomplete.)

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTE BY HIS SON.

Before recounting the political issues in these last pages, my father stated that in 1901 he was engaged in the management of his estate, as it had been incorporated and he was its president.

The political history which he was in these closing pages recounting would have been elaborated and continued down to a later date, no doubt, had his health permitted. But it was at about this time that the weakness of his heart action began to manifest itself; he could not walk far without feeling great fatigue, and the difficulty of breathing at times oppressed him very much.

The recital of our political history seems to be suddenly broken off, but I am grateful that we have any part of this autobiographical sketch, and we would have had none had it not been that Mr. Charles E. Naylor, the attorney at that time for the Mark Sheldon Company, had two copies of the original manuscript stenographed, one of which was in my office in the "Sheldon Building" with the original manuscript, and the other Mr. Naylor had stored away in his fire-proof vault.

After the fire of April 18, 1906, all that remained of the Sheldon Building and its contents was a heap of rubbish. Not knowing of the existence at that time of another copy of my father's sketch, I believed that we had lost this so-much-prized recital of his life's history, which I had urged him so long to begin and encouraged him so much in continuing, and which, after once beginning, had given him so much pleasure in composing and in reading portions to us and to other close friends and neighbors as he composed them.

I am very grateful to Mr. Naylor for his having this extra copy made, and especially for his foresight and caution in retaining one of these copies in a safe and fire-proof vault.

All of us, widow and children of Mark Sheldon, were pleased beyond measure when a dupli-

cate of what appeared to be destroyed forever was resurrected in all its unique and characteristic expression.

It was in the year following the completion of this sketch, namely on June 1, 1902, that my father died, and we buried him in our vault in Cypress Lawn Cemetery. His age at his death was 72 years 6 months and 11 days.

One of our San Francisco newspapers said of him at the time of his death that he had been "One of the most active and public-spirited residents of the city."

Another paper said of him: "He was a man who was born to succeed, being industrious, energetic, of excellent judgment and keen perceptions and another example of what young men who are bound to succeed can do."

Another article said: "His large estate is in the excellent condition which with wise forethought he intended it should be when he said that he had 'put his house in order.' "

In his will, made January 25, 1902, he divided all the shares he possessed in the Mark Sheldon Company equally among the four survivors of his family, namely, my mother, my brother Joseph, my sister Catherine and myself.

My father was a sincerely religious and temperate man, upright, honorable and unpretentious. He liked to read and quote and discuss

the Bible and took much interest in the Unitarian Church in San Francisco and was a warm friend of its ministers, especially Horatio Stebbins and Bradford Leavitt.

In business matters he tried to train those associated with him to be exact, to keep all matters in perfect order, to use the best and up-to-date methods, to study human nature so as to distinguish for association and business dealings the good and worthy from the bad, pretentious and untrustworthy.

In his business dealings he himself was caution personified, and showed clear perception of circumstances and foresight and honesty in everything he did and said. He loved to quote "Reading makes a full man, writing an exact man and speaking a ready man."

Bacon, Shakespeare, Thackeray, Scott, Emerson, Disraeli, Macaulay, Dr. Johnson, Carlyle, Irving and Dickens were his favorite authors, and he read much of the writings of Grant, Garfield, Blaine, Baker, Starr King, Sherman, Mark Twain and Horace Greeley.

At times there was a somber mood in his life, a dark swift-passing storm cloud lying over the radiant sunshine, and I have heard him quote from Greeley, "Fame is a vapor, popularity an accident, riches take wing; the only earthly certainty is oblivion."

But sunshine and merry moods were more often in the ascendant. With a jovial, beaming, yet earnest expression on his face, he loved often to quote Oliver Wendell Holmes:

"I come not here your morning hours to sadden,
A limping pilgrim leaning on his staff,
I, who never deemed it sin to sadden
This vale of tears with a wholesome laugh."

And with intensity of stored-up humor bursting forth, his laughter and high-pitched tones would ring through the house, and those who heard him would be convulsed with laughter.

In telling amusing stories he enjoyed the recollection of them as much as those who heard, and his stories seemed interminable. At the table with congenial guests he was at his best; an excellent conversationalist, he would keep up a continuous run of talk for hours. A most extraordinary chain of thought would pass through his mind—made up of links of history, stories, humor, mimicry, wisdom and sound common sense. In his library after dinner he would lead the conversation into matters of politics, religion and history.

Entertaining, wherever he was, instructive and always studying and learning, jovial with those he liked whenever he met them, critical where criticism lead to betterment, boisterous

and boy-like when the open air of the country induced it and the ears of the supersensitive were far removed, poetical when recollections of his favorites led the mood, he was always observant and appreciative of the true and good about him. He gave praise where praise was justly deserved, and there was no ambiguity in his expressions where severe criticism or comments were necessary.

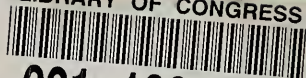
In the last years of his life his memory of early events, doings and sayings was most vivid. He carried a storehouse full of information and experience. He kept up with modern topics and discussed them in his own characteristic way. His instruction was always enlivened by apt stories and similies. At the end, when the suffering would let up to allow it, he would say odd and quaint things and make fun and try to cheer up those whose distress at his condition was only too obvious to him.

He had no fear of death, and his features wore a pleasant expression when his spirit had taken its flight and passed on into the shadows.

FRANK P. SHELDON.



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